

CALLIPÆDIÆ;

O R,

An ART how to have Handsome
C H I L D R E N:

Written in Latin

By the Abbot *QUILLET*.

To which is Added,

PÆDOTROPHIÆ;

Or, The ART of

Nursing and Breeding up CHILDREN:

Written in Latin

By Monsieur St. MARTHE, Physician to
HENRY III. of FRANCE.

Now done into *English* VERSE.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *John Morphew* near *Stationers*
Hall. M D C C X.

CALLIPARMA

As ART now to have Handmade

CHILDREN

Written in Latin

By the Author

Translated by

PHILIP



Illustrated by

Written in Latin

By Monsieur St. MARTIN, Physician to

HERMAN of FRANCE

Now done into English Verse

LONDON

Printed for John Moxley near St. Andrew's

1761 MDCCLX

D E D I C A T I O N

T O

Dr. G A R T H.

S I R,

Nothing so much Encourag'd me to attempt the Version of these Two Poems, as the Hopes I conceiv'd of that Protection which you were so generously pleas'd to grant me: For I consider'd, if I cou'd engage you to Espouse my Cause, I shou'd at the same time secure the Suffrages of the best Judges, there being none so full of Themselves, as not to be proud to be determin'd by your Judgment in all things relating to Physick and Poetry.

But this shou'd reasonably have deter'd me from Addressing this Work to you, who being a great Master of the two Arts, will soon perceive, in what such as pretend to either of them are deficient.

As to the first, I must declare my Ignorance, and that whenever, in the following Poems, I was

DEDICATION.

oblig'd to Treat of any Branch of it, 'twill be by good Fortune only if I have come off with Success.

As to the second, I flatter my self you will be so favourable to me, as to forgive what you do not approve of, and that, I hope, in some Places, for the sake of what you do. I will not be so impudently modest as to plead Ignorance in that Art also, since it wou'd be very pleasant for a Man to Address two or three Thousand Verses to the best Poet in England, and yet with great Humility pretend he knows nothing of the Matter.

So much I know of it, Sir, as to distinguish a Spirit, a Beauty, a Harmony, an Elegance in your Poetry, not to be met with in that of others; and having my self at least an invincible Inclination for the Art, to endeavour to imitate those Graces in your Writings, which, like the Master Strokes of Raphael and Titian, are inimitable. However, tho' the Ambitious Pursuit of so great an Example cannot raise my Muse to so Sublime a Height, it may lift her above the Level of Mediocrity, which is inexcusable in Works of this Nature.

You

DEDICATION.

You will find, that I have not, in rend'ring these Poems into English, servilely follow'd my Authors, nor ty'd my self to their Words or Phrases, when we had those in our own Language that express'd their Meaning better. Such slavish Versions can never have that Freedom and Easiness which are the greatest Charm of Poësie.

You will make some Allowances for my taking a little Liberty, sometimes, when the Originals were either Flat or Obscure, and that on Account of my being the first who broke Ground; and such as think fit to come after, will find a Field more than half Till'd.

*'Tis, as you very well know, a vast Advantage to Translators to have the Comments and Versions of others before 'em: It being impossible but they must often give Light and Assistance to such as follow them in the same Tract. I had no Assistance, no Guide, and consequently depending on my self, I must be very careful not to presume too much on my own Sufficiency, but refer my self to the Fair and Candid Judgment of the judicious Reader, and desire, if I have not mistaken my Authors too often, that some Escapes may be pardon'd, and some be imputed to Choice; for I have, in more
Places*

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Places than one, endeavour'd to improve, and in all to come up to my Originals.

The Principal Excellence of both these Poets, Quillet and St. Marthe, is their happy Imitation of the Classicks, both in their Phrase and Turn of Verse. As to other things, tho' their Images are sometimes Fine, and savour of the Antique; yet the Life, the Dignity, the Contrivance of the Ancients, the depth of Thought and Design, are not to be met with. And this, I think, I ought to say, that my Authors may bear their Part of the Censure, which the Nicer Criticks may pass on this Translation.

And I must herein particularly desire your Protection, for you are so good a Judge of their Art and Language, that you'll soon see in what they excel, and in what they are short, I dare not say Faulty; tho' it will be perceiv'd, that their frequent mixing the Pagan and Christian Theology, shews they wrote before the Age of the Reformation in Poesie; and also, that if their Numbers and Language had not been so good, their Reputation had not been so General.

The Subject of the Callipædiæ has invited many Readers, who have expected an Amorous, and been baulkt with a Physical Treatise, which the
Abbot

DEDICATION.

Abbot has handled as decently as the Matter would bear; and Care has been taken in the Translation, not to give Offence to good Manners. Indeed, the Latin is so significant, I was very well pleas'd our Terms were not so strong, when my Author enter'd upon the Arcana of Nature, which he has touch'd like a Physician, and not a Debauchee.

Whether his and St. Marthe's Knowledge of Physick and Medicine be Just and Considerable, I leave to you, Sir, and the Gentlemen of the College, to determine; if I have done my Authors any Injury therein I cou'd not help it. You are your selves in some wise to blame, since, if you had undertaken to make 'em English, none of us wou'd have dar'd to have attempted it: And if you, Sir, especially had had Leisure and Disposition to have done it, my Originals wou'd have had little more than the Merit of imperfect Copies; so much greater is your Mastery in one Art, and your Genius in the other.

'Twas not likely the Callipædiæ wou'd remain long unattempted after 'twas reprinted in England, the Title being so promising for Sale: And the Gentleman, who has been talk'd of to do it, has so many Qualities of the Original Author,
the

DEDICATION.

the World have wish'd his more important Avocations had not put a stop to his Undertaking. If any other Poet shou'd go on the same Design, it must be left to impartial Judges to decide between us. I declare not to have done mine with any view of Emulation or Rivalship, but believing a Work of this length cou'd not be perfected by a Gentleman so much and so honourably Employ'd otherwise.

I forget I am speaking to a Man whose every Minute is so precious for the Health of Mankind, you being no less an Ornament of the Faculty, than you are the Patron and Pattern of Polite Learning. I am with particular Respect,

S I R,

Your most Oblig'd,

20 JY 63

Humble Servant.



CALLIPÆDIAÆ.

BOOK I.



Sing the Pleasures of the Nuptial Bed,
And the fair Product of the Genial Seed,
What Skies, propitious to the dear Em-
brace,
Imprint their Brightness on a beauteous Face,
How, in one happy Object, we may find
A charming Body with a lovely Mind;
How the glad Parents, when the Boy is Born,
With shining Virtues may his Soul adorn.

B

Yet

Ye Goddeffes, who move and melt the Heart,
Ye Graces, to the Muse your Gifts impart;
And Thou, their Queen, who on th' *Idalian* Hill
With Rapture didst the *Phrygian* Shepherd fill,
Whose naked Beauties blest his greedy Eyes,
And with full Justice gain'd the Golden Prize;
Inspire my Song, and teach me to rehearse
The Cause, the Pow'r of Love, in grateful Verse.
Good Wives, perhaps, will to my Rules attend,
By tender Husbands taught, who can't offend;
She'll listen to my Lays, whose pious Pray'r
Pleads, that the promis'd Issue may be fair.
Let Men no more the Nuptial Fruit despise,
Nor view the crooked Babe with loathsome Eyes.
No more let *Hymeneal* Joys be curst,
Nor Forms, ill Shap'd, with hated Care be Nurst.
You, who for Beauteous Sons and Daughters pray,
My Precepts hear, and what you hear, obey.

And

And if the Poet's Lessons you allow,
Crown, in return, with Myrtle Wreaths his Brow.
But what is Beauty let us first Inquire,
For diff'rent Charms create the same Desire.
In what do's the Supream Perfection lye,
Or in the Lilly Look, or sparkling Eye?
The balmy Lip, the slender Shape, or Hair,
A finish'd Form, or an engaging Air?
For Lovers are in doubt, and this to me
Is Shocking, which perhaps is Grace to thee.
Fair *Amaryllis* has her Vor'ries here,
And fwarthy *Chloris* her Admirers there.
Thee *Sylvia's* Golden Tresses charm, and thou,
Oh *Thyrsis*, doat'st on *Daphne's* footy Brow:
Thou hat'st the Sandy Lock; one loves to play
With the kind Nymph whose killing Eyes are Grey:
The Coal-black Eye another Lover fires,
This a Lean Maid, a Flefhy that desires.

Such Heresie's in Love's Religion spread,
And blindly each alike by Lust is led.

Nor is the various Gust of Beauty new ;
Of old, each Nation lik'd a different Hue.
Thus the fair Face did *Ethiopians* fright,
And Fiends were by their Fancy painted white.
Thus the high Nose, and Arch'd, the *Persians* pleas'd
Of old, and all the Dwellers of the *East*.

Fam'd for this Form, was he, who held the Reins
Of Rule, o'er *Asia's* vast united Plains,
And *Lydia's* Wealthy Monarch led in Chains.
Pleasure the *Gauls* in fair Complexions took,
In long curl'd Locks, and in an open Look.
The Boaster *Spaniard*, whom the setting Sun
Fills with black Blood, and dies a dusky Dun,
Who with big words the Heav'n that burns him braves,
And with vain Threats a double World Enslaves,

Thinks

Thinks ev'ry Beauty, ev'ry Grace, is seen

In his lank Hair, and his Majestick Mien.

Dutch dangling Arms are scorn'd by him and scoft,

And *Britains* he despises as too soft.

Whence rises this Debate, in things so clear?

Whence does this Fair, and that Deform'd appear?

Say Muse, What hidden Cause divides Mankind?

Their Fancy why so various, and so blind?

To the Spring trace this Error, and declare

Why all are not agreed, that one is Fair.

As yet the World its Purity maintain'd,

And spotless Innocence and Beauty reign'd.

As yet the Mettal was without Allay,

Nor had the Iron made its Impious Way.

Bright was the Golden Day, the Sky serene,

Nor Cloud was in the Air, nor Vapour seen.

Pure was the *Æther*, and no filthy Fogs

From stagnant Waters rose, and stinking Bogs.

Thou *Phæbus*, Ruler of the Realms of Light,
No Veil hadst known to intercept the Sight.
The Moon, when She thy Radiant Paths pursu'd,
Nor Mist Nocturnal met, nor dreary Cloud.
No Weeds were in the Field, nor Insects found,
Nor the sharp Share had vext the Fruitful Ground,
The Grove, the Greens, Spontaneous Products bear,
And Od'rous Sweets perfume the Balmy Air.
Fair was the Form of Nature, fresh her Face,
No Beauty had she lost as yet, no Grace.
As bright the Chrystal Sky, and *Æther* clear,
So Man was in this Golden Age sincere.
From the Sire's Steps the Son did never stray,
Nor wander in a new forbidden Way.
One Worship to the Deathless Gods was paid,
Nor Lust the World, nor lewd Ambition sway'd.
Nor Piety alone adorn'd Mankind,
His Body was as Beauteous as his Mind.

His

His Features regular, his Limbs were clean,

His Colour lively, and his Look serene.

When Sov'reign *Jove* from High *Olympus* view'd

The Race of Men, and saw their Ways were good;

Let us, he cry'd, our Mighty Work to crown,

Join all that's fair, in Heav'n and Earth, in one;

One Nymph of all the various Beauties frame.

The various Beauties at his Summons came;

Swifter than Thought they cut the Azure Sky,

And through the Void to form this Wonder fly.

The ChrySTALLINE supply'd the shining Mould,

And *Phæbus* crown'd her Head with Radiant Gold.

The Moon her Front with Silver Glories grac'd,

The Morn the Rose among the Lillies plac'd.

Her Lips with Honey-Sweets kind *Venus* blest,

Then Love assum'd the Work, and fram'd the rest.

The Graces in the sweet Employment join,

Touch o'er each Part, and make the Piece divine.

The Members forming thus a Perfect Frame,
Jove fill'd the Body with a Vital Flame.
Pandora, aptly, then he nam'd the Maid,
And thus the Universal Parent said.
Go, lovely Nymph, to whom the Gods gave Birth,
And blest with gracious Looks th' Obedient Earth,
Conspicuous shall thy Form consummate shine,
And Man's poor Beauty be enrich'd by Thine.
Go, while the happy Age from Guilt is free,
Fair Nature fairer shall commence by Thee.
But if the Pleasure of Mankind's thy Care,
If, as thou'rt form'd, thou would'st be ever fair,
The Box I give thee full of fatal Seed,
With a light Finger to unlock, take heed.
Thy Disobedience will for Vengeance call,
And Plagues on Thee, as well as Them, will fall.
He said, and through the Air the Virgin flies
Swifter than Stars, that whirl around the Skies.

Nor

Nor did she, as th' *Ascrean* Poet dreams,
First bath her self in *Epimethean* Streams;
But manifest, she by the Croud was seen,
A Goddess in her Look, and in her Mien.
With stupid Eyes they on her Beauties gaz'd,
Pleas'd to Excess, and to Excess amaz'd.
Those her bright Robes, and these her Shape admir'd,
And others with her Golden Curls were fir'd.
She darts a thousand Fiery Glances here,
A thousand Spicy Odours scatters there.
And what we scarce can dare to Sing, tho' long,
The Muse has taught, and *Phæbus* own'd the Song,
Her Starry Brightness she to them convey'd,
And all around her heav'nly Graces shed.
Thus from the *Eastern* Skies the ruddy Morn
Do's, as she rolls, the smiling Fields adorn.
Fair make the Mead, and fresh the Flow'ry Green,
Glad ev'ry Heart, and ev'ry Look serene.

Her

Her Blessings ſhe on either Sex beſtow'd,
Their Beauty perfect, as their Manners good.
No Vice did either from ſtrict Virtue draw,
And both were fair, while both obſerv'd the Law.
But when the guiltleſs Age to Change began,
And devious were the Mind and Ways of Man,
When his whole Race the foul Infection ſeiz'd,
And Violence and Luſt fill'd ev'ry Breſt,
Pandora curſt whom ſhe before had bleſt.
She grows Corrupt, the more deprav'd they grew,
Pursues the wicked Paths the World purſue.
And, ſcorning Heav'n's Supream Commands, unlocks,
Profanely Curious, the forbidden Box.
Thence ſtreight a noiſom Stench deſil'd the Air,
And turn'd to crawling Snakes her curling Hair.
Soon fled the Native Honours of her Face,
Her Eyes their Brightneſs loſt, her Lips their Grace.

A Gum obscene her clammy Eye-lids glew,
And baleful Beams attend her vary'd Hue.
A Goddess once, she now a Fiend appears,
Blasts with her Breath, with what she charm'd she scares.
Nor here do's Heav'n's fore-threaten'd Vengeance end,
An Army of Diseases thence ascend.
The fatal Seed a thousand Plagues creates,
And Man by Reason neither Loves nor Hates.
Hence what is Beauty none agree, for none
E'er center'd all their diff'rent Tasts in one.
Its Nature to the Race of Men has lain
Long hid, and hid it ever will remain:
For who will drive the gloomy Clouds away,
Scatter the Darknes, and restore the Day?
Why, *Phæbus*, is this horrid Night our doom?
What Light will guide us thro' the Starless Gloom?
Oh thou, the God of Day, the God of Verse,
New Light, thy Treasure, with new Rays disperse.
O'er

O'er the whole World tho' this Infection spread,
Tho' Beauty from Mankind with Virtue fled,
Yet Partial was her Flight, she did not strike
The whole with equal Force, nor hurt alike.
Much the rude Nations near the Frozen Bear,
The Marks of *Jove's* offended Justice wears
The horrid Natives, on whose burning Coast
The *Southern* Ocean's boiling Waves are tost;
Whose filthy Blood in Sable Channels flows,
And frizled Fleeces hide their narrow Brows,
Whose greasie Lips beneath flat Noses swell,
And strong their nauseous Perspirations smell;
By Beauty these abandon'd most were curst,
Tho' bad the Fate of all, yet theirs the worst.
Not quite the Goddess left the temp'rate Spheres,
Where friendly Suns enrich the fruitful Years,
Where Heat and Cold their mutual Pow'rs combine,
And kindly Rays with genial Glories shine.

No baleful Blast the Virgins Beauty spoils,
But a gay Sky with gentle Aspect smiles ;
Nor biting Frosts, nor parching Heats prevail,
But *Libra* holds aloft an equal Scale.

The various Seasons plenteous Blessings bring,
And the Year wantons with a double Spring.
The Ground untill'd a Golden Harvest yields,
And Flow'rs unbidden Paint the verdant Fields.
Where chilly Winter looks with chearful Face,
Nor kills the tender Plants, nor nips the Grass,
There Beauty reigns, Eternal Health is there,
Mild are the Climates, and the Natives Fair,
But where ill Habits and hot Tides within
Affect the Form without, and stain the Skin.

You therefore, who a pleasant Clime wou'd find,
To florid Health a Friend, to Beauty kind,
Nor to the Torrid Zone, nor Tropicks fly,
And far behind you leave the Polar Sky.

If

If lovely Nymphs you seek, and comely Swains,
And what in Man of Human Grace remains,
You must not scorch'd *Iberia's* Wilds explore,
They dwell not there, nor on the *Latian* Shoar.
In Inner *Europe* Beauty spreads her Charms,
She follows Fame as the Reward of Arms.
Where fruitful *France* extends her ample Plains,
Beneath a pure and pleasant Sky she reigns.
But chiefly in *Turonian* Fields resides,
Or where the *Loyre* thro' Flow'ry Meadows glides,
And washes, as he flows, the fertile Lands,
And brightens with his Waves the Yellow Sands.
There beauteous Nymphs you view, whose sparkling
Shine like *Pandora's*, e'er she left the Skies. [Eyes
Nor in their Size too short, nor yet too tall,
But freight, and of a midling Stature all.
Nor Gross, nor Meager, for it pleases none
To see the strutting Flesh, or starting Bone.

Clean

Clean are their Limbs, erect their Form, and bright
Their charming Faces, as the Morning Light.

See how their Fronts in shining Arches rise,
How white their Skin, how keen their killing Eyes.
Their Cherry Lips with balmy Odours blest,
Their Iv'ry Neck behold, their Snowy Breast,
But the Chast Muse forbids to speak the rest.

Not only in our Nymphs kind Nature shines,
But in our Manly Youth's feverer Lines.

The softer Graces those, the stronger these,
As those the Youth, so these the Virgins please.

A sanguine Look adorns the beardless Male,

And never do's his equal Temper fail.

Nor stain'd his Face, nor is his Colour wan,

But fresh and fair, as when the Race began.

A graceful Shade around his Temples grow,

And thence in Curls adown his Shoulders flow.

Firm

Firm are his Joints; the Well-proportion'd Frame
Agrees, and is in ev'ry Part the same.

These Species from our happy Clime proceed,
Thus *Hymen* blesses here the Nuptial Bed.

Far, or from Artick or Antartick Pole,
Our friendly Stars between the Tropicks roll.

Heav'n in the Mean, by his peculiar Grace,
Assigns between the two Extreame our Place.

You now, who are dispos'd to learn our Arts,
Imprint this useful Lesson on your Hearts.

Not all of either Sex by *Hymen* join'd,
Are always apt, or shou'd encrease their Kind.

Ne'er, when the Body is defil'd, presume
Within the Temple of the God to come,

Who without Horror hears the Fable tell
Of *Pluto's* Rapes, and the Amours of Hell.

What Virgin cou'd a *Polypheme* behold,
And the foul Monster in her Arms enfold.

No *Vulcan* ought a *Venus* to carefs,
Nor her fair Breasts with filthy Fingers prefs.
Such Wretches shou'd provoke no Virgins Fears,
But end in real Flames their Steril Years.
Nor those who have too long delay'd to Wed,
Shou'd taste the Pleasures of the Marriage-bed,
If seiz'd with Impotence, before they prove
The pleasing Combats of Connubial Love.
Nor those whom Gout or racking Stone devour,
Nor such as dread an Epilepsy's Pow'r,
Nor those who're eaten up with Cank'ring Spleen,
Nor such as tickling Ptificks waste within,
Nor those whose Veins are full of Fev'rish Blood,
Nor when Consumptions drein the Vital Flood;
For if the Generative Seed's defil'd,
The Father's Hurt's transmitted to the Child.
Ill Habits and Diseases thus are nurst
In the weak Frame, and he with Life is curst.

How often have I heard such Infants Cries
Rend, with their fruitless moan, the guiltless Skies.
You then, who covet Hymeneal Joys,
Consider well before you fix your Choice.
And when your Choice is fix'd, with equal care
Of Bliss dishonest, and ill-tim'd, beware,
Who'd stain his Issue that cou'd have it fair?
Who fills with rotten Grain his furrow'd Fields?
But culls the best that bounteous *Ceres* yields.
Thus gay the ripen'd Ears and full appear,
And a rich Harvest crowns the Tillers Care.
Art thou, Oh Man, less careful of thy Kind,
Nor what thou sow'st, nor what thou reap'st, dost mind?
Do's not the Beauty of thy Off-spring move
Thy Passion, with a Parent's Pride and Love?
If sound and comely thou wouldst have thy Breed,
Let a sound Womb receive thy healthy Seed.

The

The Thund'rer's Image dost thou not respect,
Nor Nature's Laws thy cruel Heart affect?
Thou then would'st learn, what all who Love shou'd
The Field, the Seed to fit before you Sow. (know,

Ye Pow'rs who o'er the Genial Bed preside,
Fond Wives and Husbands in their Pleasures guide;
Nor rashly let 'em try the sweet Embrace,
Nor with corrupted Joys their House disgrace.

A Curse attends the Crime. Oh Sov'reign *Jove*,
Parent of Gods and Men, Mankind reprove;
Nor longer let their hateful Loves endure,
Chast be their Wishes, their Embraces pure,
Let a new Genius from high Heav'n descend
To Beauty and to Love alike a Friend;
For Husbands let him sacred Lessons write,
And with Success to future Times transmit.

This do's not to inform the Age suffice,
A Healthy *Hymen* is not always wise.

As well as sound, the Lover shou'd be strong,
And never to the Wrinkled wed the Young.
A Youth ne'er couple to a Wife decay'd,
Nor to a Cripple match a blooming Maid.
For ne'er the Genial Pleasure will they tast,
In vain the Youth's carest, the Maid embrac'd.
The Furies follow such unequal Vows,
And fill with endless Plagues the jarring House.
See that ill-mated Nymph, whose barter'd Charms
Are blasted in a Miser's frozen Arms.
How daily from his hated Kifs she flies,
And how her Bosom swells with secret Sighs.
From his loath'd Bed, when Day appears, she leaps,
And lonely o'er her joyless Spoufals weeps.

Happy, Oh *Cybelle*, the *Phrygian* Boy,
Thou lov'dst, and yet excus'dst a Lovers Joy.
From an old Goddess, when her Kifs is dry,
The Youth she covets, if he's wise, will fly.

Where

Where Beauty's wanting, Youth has often Charms,
Where-ever Youth is wanting, nothing warms;
For Juiceless Age do's youthful Sap destroy,
And wears and wastes the Strength it can't enjoy.
As oft, in *Lybian* Fields, the thirsty Sands
Suck up the Rains, and yet the burning Lands
Gape still, insatiate for the falling Show'r,
Wou'd drain the Liquid Skies, and still have more:
Thus are the Young exhausted by the Old,
As Summer's Heat is chill'd by Winter's Cold.
Their Seed resists the Generative Pow'r,
And Nature do's the forc'd Embrace abhor.
For if a Child from such a Mixture's born,
His Parents Grief 'twill be, his Country's Scorn.
His languid Limbs will scarce their weight sustain,
And if it lives to Age, 'twill live in Pain.

But all our Precepts of Success will fail,
While Int'rest, and the Lust of Gold, prevail.

Money will still the Marriage Vow direct;
The Portion, and the Jointure, none neglect.
Our Rules to Truth may be ally'd, but who
Will change the Profitable for the True?
He who with dirty Acres fills a Deed,
Love where he will, shall in his Love succeed.
By Parents for their Daughter he's careft;
For him the Bowl is fill'd, the Nymph is drest.
Let him be ne'er so Ugly, or so Old,
A crowd of proffer'd Beauties tempt his Gold.
Tho' Scurffs defile his Skin, and Spots his Face,
He's welcome to the spotless Maid's Embrace.
Nor do's she, when she sees his Riches, dread
A spotted Issue from his loathsome Bed.
Tho' Crippled are his Limbs, his Head reclin'd,
And Age forbids him to encrease his Kind;
By Choice, or else Compell'd, she yields her Charms
To the cold Circle of his wither'd Arms,

Where

Where a Wife's Privilege she ne'er shall know :

From whence what floods of Tears, what Sighs will
What nights of wishing, and what days of woe. [flow?

And when her Beauty's in its brightest Bloom,

The Fires of Youth with vain Desire consume.

Or if with Fruit obscene her Bed's defil'd,

She'll mourn o'er a deform'd or sickly Child.

With terror thus the *Hymen's* Laws obeys,

And suffers by Constraint the loath'd Embrace;

Still dreading to behold a frightful Boy,

She dies with Fear, when she shou'd die with Joy.

But if a lawless Wish her Breast enflames,

No Plea's so plausible for faithless Dames.

Will she not use her Beauty in her Prime?

If old her Spouse, or ugly, where's the Crime?

She'll meet some happy Youth with fierce Delight,

And fill thy Mansion with a comely Sight.

Around thy Board the jolly Boys shall croud,
And thou, of Riches not thy own, be proud.
Here the Knight's noble Front adorns the Room,
And there's the slavish Picture of a Groom;
This Boy thy Neighbour's dull Resemblance bears,
And that the Colonel's gen'rous Image wears.
Thy Hoards descend to these, and theirs shall be
The Lands, which from thy Fathers fell to Thee.
These thy rich Pastures shall enjoy, and these,
A Foreign Race, thy Ancient Seat possess.

Nor is it thus with private Wives alone,
This Household Curse has often reach'd the Crown.
For when the Monarch's Manly Vigour dies,
And in his Bones some old Distemper lies,
How can he then a Royal Maid carefs,
And his high Bed with legal Off-spring blefs?
Thus oft a spurious Heir invades the Throne,
Or the Rule falls to a Dissembled Son.

Say,

Say, where's there such an old decrepid Witch
So foul, and so deform'd, but if she's Rich,
Tho' Toothless, and Blear-ey'd, tho' Deaf and Blind,
A Youth to Woo her, and to Wed, she'll find?
If madly she the Marriage Joy desires,
And burns with impotent, but furious Fires;
He Siezes on her Wealth, and then he'll rove,
Abhor her Person, and despise her Love.
He'll bribe his way to some young Virgin's Arms,
Or purchase a young Wife's forbidden Charms;
Riot in Joy, and revel on her Sweets,
While the Hag's groaning in her Widow'd Sheets.
Hence Quarrels, Jealousie, and Strife are bred,
And the rude Railings of a slighted Bed.
Hence Vipers she provides to fire his Blood,
And spurs his Vigour with falacious Food.
I, for these Reasons, thou'd advise to range,
But that Religion's Laws forbid to change.

Free

Free shou'd the Pleasure be, as free the Choice,
And only Love direct the Lover's Joys :
This Nature bids. In all unequal Pairs,
However join'd, th' Election was not hers.
The sick and sound, to mingle, she dislikes,
Nor shou'd the Living with the Dying mix.
But equal be their Age, their Strength the same,
And mutual Fires their youthful Breasts enflame.
The Spring of Life let either Sex improve,
And a rich Harvest shall reward their Love.
Nor with green Girls shou'd beardless Boys be join'd,
The Body comes not forward like the Mind.
No Juice as yet the Genial Vessels swells,
But scatter'd in the growing Man it dwells.
Themis enjoin'd this sacred Law of old,
And still its Reason and its Virtue hold.
Twelve Springs compleat, before she thinks to wed,
Their Vernal Bloom must on the Virgin shed;

If a ripe Child she'd to her Husband bear,
And bless him with a strong and lusty Heir.
For then, if she conceives the Genial Fruit,
The Soil has Strength to feed the spreading Root.
Her vital Heat encreases, and her Blood
Then swells within her Womb, a Rosie Flood,
From whence the future Birth imbibes its Food.
And now her swelling Breasts create Desire,
And Hills of Snow lascivious Flames inspire.
Thus when below the Viril Down begins
To mark the Males, above to shade their Chins,
Their Limbs are lusty, fit for *Hymen's* Vow,
And then they to his secret Shrine may bow.
Since Nature do's such equal Laws provide
For Marriage, let her Laws all Lovers guide;
And such shall find, who thus for Love prepare,
Their Pleasure Perfect, and their Issue Fair.

And now, while we our grateful Precepts spread,
While our kind Arts direct the Nuptial Bed,

Behold a lovely Youth to Manhood grown,
And on his Royal Brow the *Celtick* Crown.
The Sceptre his Magesttick Fathers bore
He wields, and wears th' Imperial Robes they wore.
Lewis from high *Olympus* sent, design'd
To Rule with Righteous sway, and blest Mankind.
What shining Graces in his Bloom are seen,
What Sov'reign Beauty, what a Godlike Mien ?
His lofty Look reveals his mighty Mind,
And all that's Great with all that's Fair is join'd.
A thousand Goddeses, with wishing Eyes,
Survey him, and for him the Fairest sighs.
For him the beauteous Nymph of *Austria's* Line,
Her Form Celestial, as her Race divine,
For whom the *Taijo* flows a Golden Stream,
In her Chast Bosom feels a kindling Flame.
With rival Wishes, and as warm Desires,
The Royal *Lusitanian* Maid expires.

For

For him *Hesperian* Nymphs and *Teuton* sigh,
For him a thousand Heav'nly Virgins die.
But thou, Oh Hope of *Gaul*, do'st wisely weigh
Th' Important Int'rests of thy Regal Sway;
Nor wilt thou chuse, too eager of the Bliss,
That for her Race, or for her Beauty this;
The Virtues of the Mind thou most do'st prize,
And lik'st the Soul before thou lik'st the Eyes.
What a mad Custom now with Monarchs spreads?
For Brides unseen are brought to Genial Beds.
With others Eyes Imperial Maids are view'd,
And easily with others Lips are woo'd.
But let us pray, that Heav'n wou'd crown thy Vows
With the fair Issue of a charming Spouse.
What gains the Peoples Hearts, what moves them more,
Than matchless Beauty join'd with matchless Pow'r?
When a bright Crown a lovely Brow adorns,
Their fond Obedience then to Worship turns.
When

When Beauty brightens the Majestick Mien,
The King's a God, a Goddess then the Queen.
What if a Virgin boasts a Princely Race,
Or a proud *Juno* fills a King's Embrace?
If foul her Person, and deform'd her Face,
What Love can she create, but what will stain
The Throne with Heirs, and curse the coming Reign?
How apt are Kings, in their Amours, to Rove?
How soon they loath a faithful Consort's Love?
The Royal Wanton scorns his sacred Vows,
And with a spurious Race defiles his House.
Thus *Jove*, with *Juno*'s cold Embraces cloy'd,
Deflow'r'd the Nymphs, the willing Wives enjoy'd.
With a base Off-spring he disgrac'd the Skies;
And Kings, like him, permitted Joys despise.
Do thou this Guilt and this Dishonour shun,
And love a loving Wife, and her alone.
Thy House with beauteous Issue thus encrease,
And with a God-like Heir thy Empire blefs.

Were I to meddle with such sacred things,
And by my Thoughts presume to guide a King's,
Thou a fair Virgin of a Race divine
Shou'dst chuse, a Nymph whose ways agree with thine,
To sooth thy Royal Cares; not one whose Sire
Wou'd bribe thy Friendship with a fatal Fire.
Who to a falling Throne wou'd be ally'd,
And purchase, with his Kingdom's Peace, a Bride?
A Confort seek in some Imperial Court,
Whose Monarch needs no Neighbour's vain Support;
Who by his proper Might his Pow'r maintains,
And with an Independant Empire Reigns.

While *Cæsar* meditates the Marriage Joys,
And friendly Fates direct his happy Choice,
My Labour, *Phæbus* fav'ring, I'll pursue,
And for the Wedded Pairs my Toil renew.



[illegible]



CALLIPÆDIA.

BOOK II.



H E Rites perform'd, the Nymph's
no longer coy,
But, like the Bridegroom, burns to
taste the Joy.

The chearful Parents load the Festial Board,
And empty, for the Bride, the Golden Hoard.

D

The

The Father most, with a dilated Soul,
Deals freely to the Guests the flowing Bowl.
The Table's with inverted Glasses spread,
And the gay Lads the measur'd Round is led.
The venal Harper tears his labour'd Strings,
While the glad House with Bridal Blessings rings.
The Bridegroom steals a Pledge of future Bliss,
And oft he mixes with his Mirth a Kiss.
Such lawful Love the Marriage God will crown,
Such Joys, the Moons compleat, will *Juno* own.
Minerva's Manners, and *Diana's* Vows,
Are now a Jest to his impatient Spouse.
Thou, *Venus*, art her only Goddess, now
To thee she'll only kneel, and pay her Vow.
The Queen of Beauty thou, the Queen of Love,
Ador'd by Men, and ev'n confess'd by *Jove*.
To thee we owe our sweetest, best Delights,
To thee our joyous Days, and blissful Nights.

To thee the *Phrygian* Shepherd gave the Prize,
And proudly didst thou bear his Judgment to the Skies,
His Praise, his Pref'rence, in the fam'd Dispute,
To thee was sweeter than the Golden Fruit.
Fierce *Juno's* Rage, and chaste *Minerva's*, he
Despis'd, and only fix'd his Eyes on thee.
Thee *Phæbus* has confess'd, thee Sov'reign *Jove*,
Thee all the Pow'rs below, and all above.
No Bounds did they prescribe to their Desires,
But oft with Steril burn'd, and Impious Fires.
Th' *Oebalian* Boy the God of Light enjoy'd,
And him unwitting in his Play destroy'd.
By Thee the King of Gods inflam'd, possess
The Nymphs, the Youth, and whom he pleas'd carest.
The fullen Doatard now forgets his Years,
And laughs, and now the rev'rend Matron learns.
But Evening Shades to Lovers Joys invite,
When *Venus* rises with her beamy Light.

Hence Modesty awhile, let Love succeed,
And chastly revel in the Genial Bed.
Ye Mothers, who the pleasing Fights have known,
Attend the Fair, and loose her Virgin Zone.
Now to the Bride the naked Bridegroom turns,
And, to begin the Marriage Combat, burns.
Come to my Arms, my Love, my Life, he cries,
While trembling by his Side the Damsel lies.
Th' unwelcome Croud are gone, the Field is ours,
Oh, waste not with delay these precious Hours.
Come to my Arms, and Hymen's happy Fight,
And give to Love and me the blissful Night.
But stay, too furious Youth, nor yet engage,
Awhile command thy Heat, and check thy Rage.
If Meats thy Belly fill, or Fumes thy Head,
Defer the Raptures of the Nuptial Bed.
When indigested Meals thy Stomach load,
Delay thy Off'ring to the Marriage God,

For

For thin will be the Seed; the Work will prove,
As crude and unconcocted as thy Love.

Stay 'till the gen'rous Juice has reach'd thy Veins,
And a clean Stomach fills thy flowing Reins.

This Lesson will to Lovers seem severe,

But practis'd well, their Issue shall be fair.

Nature, who to improve her Kind is wise,
Prefers the fresh Embrace, and Morning Joys.

The *Fetus* thus a fairer Form receives,

And in the Child the Genial Beauty lives.

The Reason this. For when the Humid Night,

With her black Mantle, veils the Golden Light,

When on the weary Limbs sweet Sleep descends,

Restores the Man, and Life and Love befriends,

Then Inward sinks the Heat, digested Food

Supplies the lab'ring Veins with vig'rous Blood;

And these the generative Vessels load

With Juices, to regale the Nuptial God.

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And these the generative Vessels load

With Juices, to regale the Nuptial God.

A finer Spirit's to the Seed convey'd,
And a new store to Nature's Treasure laid.
New Heat, new Strength, the Crimson Flood supplies,
And fresh as opening Day the lusty Bridegrooms rise.
Remember then a rash Embrace to shun,
Nor madly to the secret Rapture run,
Lest Nature's Work by too much haste be spoil'd,
And thy blind Lust shou'd wrong the coming Child : }
As *Jove* his own Immortal Race defil'd,
When with crude Nectar he his Wife carest,
And with Precipitated Transports blest :
From whence foul *Vulcan* to his Horror sprung,
And the rude God from Heav'n's high Arch he flung.
His Limbs distorted, and deform'd his Face,
Refus'd at the Immortal Board a Place,
The Jest of Heav'n, and by his Sire deny'd
The Bed of *Pallas*, whom he wish'd his Bride,
Love's Mother on the Cripple was bestow'd ;
The fairest Goddess on the foulest God.

De.

Despis'd and hated, he possess her Charms,
And dirted with his Filth her loathing Arms.
Thus oft, by cruel Fathers hard Commands,
The fairest to the foulest give their Hands.
From whence the Marriage lawful Joy's refus'd,
And the chaste Bed with lawless Bliss abus'd.

Nor is't enough, that, while your Meals digest,
You leave the willing Beauty uncarest;
Nor that you don't, by too much haste, destroy
The genuine Warmth, which makes a fruitful Joy.
This you as well shou'd know. Observe with care
The Face of Heav'n, when you embrace the Fair.
It more avails than when the Boy is born,
The Moon's Increase to mark, or waning Horn.
What Sign has the Ascendant, how the Skies
Look, when the Babe begins his Infant Cries.
Mark rather what Celestial Aspect shines,
When the good Seed to form the *Fetus* joins;

What friendly Stars their happy Influence shed
On the young Birth, and rule the Genial Bed.

But who shou'd hope to be for Fate too wise,
Or search into the Secrets of the Skies,
Or Heav'n or Earth disclose to mortal Eyes?

Thou, bright *Urania*, thou alone canst tell,
How roll the Spheres, and how they Work reveal,
Nor Earth from thee, nor Heav'n, the Gods conceal.

Inspire the lab'ring Muse, for fair's the Field,
And a rich Crop of deathless Fame 'twill yield.
If thou'lt direct her how to view the Sky,
And the Stars Motions to our World apply.

For who that does with wondring Eyes behold
Yon Arch of Heav'n, when gilt with streams of Gold,
Yon sparkling Orbs, whose num'rous Fires confound
Our Eyes, still rolling with a rapid Round,
Can think th' Omnipotent has spread in vain
Those Radiant Wonders, on th' Etherial Plain?

Eter-

Eternal Wisdom something more design'd,
Than a gay Picture to divert Mankind.
Dost thou not see, when sev'ral Stars arise,
How Earth's affected by the vary'd Skies?
How Wind, how Rain, how Heat or Cold prevail,
And Ships on smiling Seas, or stormy, fail?
That with the *Hyades* wet Tempests rise,
And windy with *Orion*, who denies?
Or that the thirsty *Dog* leaves bare the Sands,
Sucks up the Springs, and burns the barren Lands?
What need I Heav'n's Imperial Spheres survey,
That Rule o'er Mortals with resistless Sway;
Or bloody *Jove's*, or *Saturn's* fatal Star,
Or fiery *Mars*, that breathes eternal War?
If *Leo* joins his raging Fires with theirs,
What Ruin it creates, what Impious Wars?
What Crouds it to the cruel Fates decrees,
What Changes in the smiling Face of Peace?

Free

Free States to Tyrants by their Influence yield,
And lawless Monarchs ravish'd Sceptres wield.
From such Conjunctions *Rome's* Misfortunes rose;
Pompey and *Cæsar* thus, of old, were Foes.
Thessalian Fields with *Roman* Blood were stain'd,
And *Rome* that Empire lost which *Cæsar* gain'd.
Ev'n now from Heav'n such baleful Influence falls,
Which drives th' *Iberians* on the Martial *Gauls*;
To mutual Wounds their adverse Kings excites,
And each, because the Stars compel him, Fights.
For *Mars* his Fires with *Jove's* and *Saturn's* blends,
Where the fierce *Centaur* his red Arms extends.
And as malignant Stars to bloody Fights
Provoke, so they corrupt Love's soft Delights
With Plagues, the World with foul Contagion fill,
And here the Race defile, as there they kill.
Sickness, if *Mars* in *Cancer*, dread, and Foes,
Or if his livid Hue old *Saturn* shews.

Why

Why shou'd I search into such sacred things,
The course of Fate disclose, and secret Springs?
Enough for me, what makes a lovely Heir,
As far as *Phæbus* teaches to declare,

'Tis Fam'd that Men in ancient Times were griev'd,
And beg'd of Heav'n, and cry'd to be reliev'd.
Ill-shapen Births in ev'ry Clime appear'd,
And the whole Race a full Corruption fear'd.
Or what unfriendly Skies, or noxious Seed,
Produc'd this Ill to Man, and stain'd the Breed,
Who knows? but, if we credit Fame, 'twas rare
A Man to meet, or Woman, that was Fair.

[vey'd
When from high Heav'n the Thund'rer *Jove* sur-
Mankind, and saw their Beauty thus decay'd,
A Council to attend him he Commands,
Of all who favour'd *Hymen's* holy Bands.

Streight

Streight to his Palace, in the Inmost Sky,
The Gods and Goddesſes obedient fly,
Firſt *Juno*, by her painted Peacocks known,
Appears, and takes her Seat aſide the Throne.
To Council next fair *Cytherea* moves
In her gay Chariot, drawn by Harneſt Doves.
Her *Ceres* follows with her fruitful Train,
Queen of the Harveſt and the Golden Grain.
Oh Goddeſs, who can Love without thy aid,
Or with a ſtrong Embrace oblige the willing Maid!
Apollo's Preſence the great Council crown'd.
Heav'n thus Aſſembled, and the King enthron'd,
The Gods and Goddeſſes around him ſat,
And briefly he declar'd for what they met.
Man's wretched State he ſhew'd, and how his Race
Grew foul, and was his own and Heav'n's Diſgrace.
When *Jove* the Matter thus had open laid,
The Gods attentive, he requir'd their Aid,
And bad them ſpeak; and thus *Apollo* ſaid.

2

Man has, ye Deities, condemn'd the Skies,

And scorn'd the Stars that teach him to be wise:

The rolling Spheres revenge his Impious Scorn,

Hence horrid Boys and hateful Girls are born.

As from my Heav'n the shining Orbs impend,

This Planet is a Foe, and that a Friend.

'Tis mine, or Strength, or Beauty to bestow,

Which few have known, and fewer wish to know,

Where Heav'n is by the Oblique Zodiack bound,

Twelve starry Signs perform their destin'd Round.

Hence ev'ry Beauty rises, ev'ry Grace,

Hence ev'ry Vice and Blemish of the Face.

For if to Sow the Nuptial Tiller tries,

When Horny *Helles* first ascends the Skies,

Whatever Wife shall then Conceive, she'll bear

A Child that shall disgrace the Nurse's Care;

Short-neck'd, and Bandy-legg'd, will be the Birth,

And rarely will he raise his Eyes from Earth.

His

His Snowy Locks shall hide his Beetle Skull;
And the vile Lump be both deform'd and dull.
But most, if *Saturn's* cruel Star shall chance
On the curst Boy his gloomy Beams to glance,
If *Mars* behold him with a blasting Eye,
All Beauty then from ev'ry Part shall fly,
And ne'er in *Aries* let him rule the Sky.

Nor *Taurus* more with Loves Delights agrees,
And most his Radiant Horns forbid Increase,
In Opposition to the *Pleiades*.

Tho' fair the Daughters of fair *Pleione*,
As beauteous they, tho' ne'er so beauteous she,
Not kinder are they to a charming Face;
But when our *Cynthia* lends her gentle Rays,
And smoothes the Skin, and gives the Limbs a grace.
To *Taurus* we return; deform'd and dull
Is he, whose Birth's beneath th' Ascendent Bull.

Long

Long will his Nose and wide his Nostrils be,
With Goggle and with Gorgon Eyes he'll see;
His Fore-head ugly, thick his greasie Neck,
Yellow will be his Hair, his Eye-lids Black.
His Voice be Hoarse, and all his filthy Frame
Be, to his Parents, and his Kind, a Shame.

But when the *Twins* the friendly Skies ascend,
These, ev'ry Good, and ev'ry Grace attend:
One was on Earth the *Spartan* Brothers Mind,
Beauteous themselves, they're still to Beauty kind,
So *Jove* decreed when he their Place assign'd
Amid the Stars; and gave to Rule above,
To the fair Fruit of *Leda's* injur'd Love:
The Product of the Marriage Joy they bless
With ev'ry Charm, which either Sex possess.
Not smiling Looks alone, and sparkling Eyes,
And what in Shape, or in Complexion, lies.

But

But their kind Influence to the Mind imparts,
Mild Manners, pleasant Wit, and pleasing Arts.
When with the *Twins* the Son of *Maia* rules,
O'er Letters they preside, and guide the Schools.
The Seeds of Eloquence they sow, and teach
A graceful Language, and a moving Speech;
The Mind and Body are at once compleat,
Soft ev'ry Word, and ev'ry Gesture sweet.

But how unlike are horrid *Cancer's* Rays,
They soil the Seed, and curse the promis'd Race.
Baleful with him the foul *Aselli* rise,
And the fierce *Chelæ* vex the guilty Skies :
Hence Limbs deform'd are seen, and little Eyes,
Hump-backs, huge Paunches, and uneven Teeth,
A filthy Range, and hence a Stinking-breath,
Lank dangling Arms, a short and crooked Shape,
A Shame to Nature, and the Nurse's Lap.

He

He who once rag'd in the *Nemean* Wood,
The leading Labour of the lab'ring God,
Whom only *Hercules's* Club cou'd tame,
Now burns the Skies with a malignant Flame.
And hence, when *Leo's* Lord, are Sandy Locks,
Broad Breasts, long Shanks, and stern and haughty
What can a Beast, or Good, or Fair, bestow, [Looks,
As fell above, as he was fierce below.
His Savage Nature he in Heav'n retains,
As when on Earth he scow'r'd the *Argive* Plains.
Had Fate to me, when Nature sow'd her Seed,
Beneath this Sky, a Royal Crown decreed,
The Lion's Fierceness I had still retain'd,
Rag'd in the Throne, and like a Savage reign'd,

Astrea follows with a train of Light,
A Virgin fair as Youth, as Beauty bright,
On Earth she govern'd in the Golden Age,
E'er Prow'r prevail'd, and Wrong began to rage,

E

Where

Where *Virgo* glitters with her sparkling Beams,
There Light, to rival *Jove's*, from *Spica* streams.
No purer Fires in all the *Zodiack* shine,
And freely now the Marry'd Pairs may join.
Their Influence on the Seed their Brightness leaves,
And the rich Womb a beauteous Birth receives.
Firm Limbs from hence, and graceful Shapes shall rise,
And Rose and Lilly Looks, and charming Eyes.

Nor less, where *Libra* holds her equal Scale,
The finer Parts of Human Seed prevail.
Here thou, the Queen of Graces, fix'dst thy House,
To bless with friendly Beams the Teeming Spouse.
Fair Maids, and lovely Boys, from hence we see,
Who owe their Beauty and their Strength to thee.
If *Saturn* in this House shou'd chance to shine,
And with his dusky Light defile the Sign,
The same dull Colour on the Seed he sheds,
And where he Rules, his Leaden Mantle spreads.

But

But *Cytherea* adds to *Lybra's* Charms,
And forms a Heav'nly Fair for *Hymen's* Arms.

Who, when the *Scorpion*, with his spiral Pride,
Does o'er the Signs in the Ascendant ride,
Wou'd fill with fatal Seed th' Incautious Bride?

When with his Pois'nous Tail he sweeps the Skies,
He darts his Venom on the Bridal Joys.

From hence, Splay-feet and Bandy-leggs proceed,
A Ferret Eye from hence, and Yellow Head.

The Monster, whose vile Beams infect the Blood,
Who owes his Being to the stagnant Flood,
Retains the Nature of his Parent Mud.

Not *Chiron* thus, *Achilles* Master, sways
The subject World, with his ascendant Rays.
Him Piety in Heav'n a Place assign'd,
And there with pious Care he rules Mankind.

For when he rises, if you sow the Seed,
A Nervous Arm he forms, a beauteous Head,
And hence the Limbs are strong, the Shoulders
But if his starry Tail the *Centaur* shows, [spread.]
The Birth will ill Reward the Mother's Throws.

When the dull *Goat* do's in the *Zodiack* browse,
And heavy *Saturn*'s in his sleepy House,
The Fruit which such ill-omen'd Seed shall bear,
Will scarce, when born, in any Part be fair.

And now the *Phrygian* Youth his Urn extends,
The Seed he blesses, and the Fruit befriends.

Aquarius wayning, *Pisces* mount their Sign,
And in one House their watry Influence join.
Hence Weakness, little Heads, a dwarfish Size,
Lean Limbs, and a distorted Figure rise.

What shall we of the wandring Planets say,
And how the sublunary World they sway?

Who

Who knows not, when they Thwart, and when they
They Work? How kind a *Sextile*, or a *Trine*. [Join,

If *Jove* in a propitious House appears,
And *Venus* mixes Rays with friendly Stars;
The King of Heav'n, the *Cyprian* Queen, will spread
The Loves and Graces on the Genial Bed.

Nor are we ign'rant, that a Vernal Joy
Conduces to a fair and lusty Boy.

When Nature paints the Meads, and cloaths the Trees,
And all her living Works at once increase,

Strongly the generative Juices rise,

The whole Creation feels the warmer Skies,

And smiles, and shoots aloft, as Winter dies.

But when the Summer Heat severely burns,

The Chyle's corrupted, and to Choller turns,

The Spirits flag, the vital Strength decays,

And faintly will you run the Nuptial Race.

No kindly Heat from *Autumn* Suns descend,
And less do frigid Winds the Seed befriend.

Oh Mortals, curb your Wishes, and be wise,
Enjoy the happy Night in happy Skies.
And then to *Hymen* if you Homage pay,
For a fair Off-spring you Foundations lay.

The Gods agreed; and now, by *Jove's* Command,
These Precepts in *Etherial* Records stand.

What *Phœbus* said, the Heav'nly Councils sign,
And stamp't it with the Seal of Laws Divine.
To me *Urania* their high Acts imparts,
As pleasant Hers, as the most pleasing Arts.

You then, Ambitious of a Father's Name,
Who feed a regular, and pious Flame,
Who the next Age in Beauty wou'd improve,
And have your Issue both your Pride and Love,
Attend, and learn the proper time to sow
The Seed, that fair the future Fruit may grow.

Observe th' ascending and declining Stars,
 In what Conjunction, *Saturn*, *Jove*, or *Mars*;
 And how the Sun's with *Venus*, or the Moon:
 An easie Art, and may be master'd soon.
 But if on this you'd not employ your Mind,
 In Tables rightly drawn, the Hour you'll find,
 Where daily you may mark, in ev'ry Clime,
 The Sign that Courts to Love, and hit the Time.

Nor is't enough a happy Sky to know,
 To mark the Sign, and hit the time to sow;
 In *Hymen's* Rites are other things to learn,
 Ye marry'd Pairs! and of as high Concern.
 How'e'r Desire may to the Joy excite,
 When the Months flow, forbear the dear Delight;
 For the foul *Menstruæ* kill the Genial Juice,
 Or Births abortive and obscene produce.
 And as the foolish Tiller toils in vain,
 Who sows in drunken Fields the rotting Grain;
 No ripen'd Ear will e'er reward his Pain :

So he who sheds in humid Cells his Seed,
Or wastes his Vigour, or defiles his Breed.
How wretched is the Child, how stain'd with Sores?
It sucks the Latent Filth at all its Pores.
The Root corrupted, when the Fruit appears,
In ev'ry Part the venom'd Marks it wears.
For what's more Pois'nous than this Female Flood?
The dregs of Life, and skimmings of the Blood.
If it shou'd chance to touch the tender Fruit,
Fall on the Springing Vine, or Planted Sprout,
It blasts like Lightning; shou'd a greedy Cur,
As foul his Hunger as the Feast's Impure,
Swallow the Filth, he's streight with Madness seiz'd,
And with his horrid Bite infects the rest.
Despise, ye Marry'd Pairs! such Joys obscene,
And the Seed sprinkle, when the Womb is clean.
You, ye fond Wives, who love the rapt'rous Bliss,
To feel the close Embrace, and biting Kifs,
Too

Too gamesome at the Sport, the Work you spoil,
Too quick rebound, and when you play, you toil.
You heave too fast, the flowing Seed prevent,
And the Male Vigour with vain Force is spent.
What reaches in a reflux Tide returns,
Or the balkt Womb the swift Prevention mourns.
If in its Cell, the Seed, thus shaken, sticks,
The *Fœtus* cannot, for your Frisking, fix.
Both yield in vain, what Nature wou'd supply,
And the loose Parts in scatter'd Masses lye.
Nor will your Wishes with an Heir be bless'd,
But your strong Youth in fruitless Joys you'll waste.

Hence, ye Profane! We write not this to you,
Who, with hot Lust, our harmless Verse will view.
You'll lewdly Nature's hidden Works survey,
Or scoff the sacred Womb where once you lay.
Hence, hence, while we to chaster Eyes expose
Her Teeming Pow'rs, and Genuine Form disclose.

Be-

Beneath the void *Abdomen's* lowest space,
Distinct, this little Cell do's Nature place.
Form'd like a Pear, and like a Purse the Skin
Is Ductile, that the Birth may stretch within.
The Artery this, the Nerve, and double Vein,
With Blood and Spirits from the Stock maintain.
From the whole Body 'tis with both supply'd,
And call'd the Womb, and goes from side to side.
From Right to Left it thus directly runs,
The Left for Daughters, and the Right for Sons,
An Oblong Pipe is at the bottom plac'd,
By which the Viril Nerve is oft embrac'd;
The Seed is darted to the Womb by this,
The Center of the Mother's Pain and Bliss.
'Tis call'd the Neck, and in the strong Embrace,
It shuts, with wond'rous Art, the Parent place,
Lest the hot Youth too far shou'd wildly rove,
And ravage the forbidden Fields of Love.

When

When the Male Seed has past this narrow room,

It meets the Female in the sucking Womb.

When clinging Arms th' ejected Juice compel,

It darts and lodges in the gaping Cell.

For as, with Joy, the famish'd Paunch receives

The grateful Food which Nature's Wants relieves,

So the glad Womb repletes her empty Maw,

And both their Fill with greedy Suction draw.

Light Motions hence, and nimble Hips, destroy

The Tillers Pains, and mar a fruitful Joy.

Let's second now those Parents pious Vows,

Who pray for Sons, and hate a Female House;

And teach, to get a Boy, the Teeming Spouse.

Males are the Strength and Glory of a Race,

And Female Issue curst by some, as base;

Nature, unwilling, gives to Woman Birth,

And with fair Monsters loads the burthen'd Earth.

An Error this; for common Sense allows,

That Sex is best to whom the other bows.

But

But let us, leaving this Debate, our Theam
Pursue, and tell how Wives with Males may Teem;
To fill with Manly Heirs each Royal Court,
And the high Lineage of the World support.
Those most are apt for Males, in whom there meet
Most of Male Vigour, and the vital Heat.
This the Learn'd tell us, and Experience shews,
That Manly Thoughts to Manly Love dispose.
A bold, a gen'rous, and an easie Mind,
Assist the Sex, to propagate the Kind.
That future *Hymen's* may not strive for Boys
In vain, nor covet Heirs with fruitless Joys,
Reason directs, that in the choice of Food,
The Parents carefully prepare their Blood.
Who knows not that the Purple Veins produce
The Genial Seed, which once was Purple Juice.
But the new Spirits change their guilty Dye,
And white into the Womb, and rich they fly,

With

With vigorous Juices if you feed your Veins,
With Sap and Vigour they supply the Reins.
Nor Windy shou'd they be, nor free from Wind,
For a soft Vapour to the Womb is kind.
Nor shun the strutting Dug, nor spare the Pail,
Since a white Meal's Propitious to the Male.
Give to these Precepts, in thy Heart, a Place,
And Masculine expect thy promis'd Race.
But why to Diet you shou'd I pretend,
Since Nature's to your Sex so much a Friend?
Rich Meals for you, ye Bridegrooms, she provides,
And warming Draughts to chear your wishing Brides.
Sufficient for the Nuptial Joy's the Vine,
And lusty Boys are got by gen'rous Wine.
But most, Oh *Burgundy*! thy Nectar warms
Their Hearts, and burnishes their Bridal Arms.
Both bright *Champagne* with equal Vigour fills,
And the rich Cluster of the *Aisian* Hills.

And

With

And you, ye Wives, who with your Husbands join,
To pray for Sons to prop an Ancient Line,
At Meals, with sparkling Wine rejoice your Souls,
And freely pledge 'em in their modest Bowls.
Nature, by this, the Genial Heat will feed,
And urge the Womb to sieze the Manly Seed:
By this for Males 'tis fitted; but beware,
And be'nt too lavish, as you shou'd not spare.
For when the Soil's with too much Moisture drench'd,
The Native Warmth in both alike is quench'd.
Nor have they Strength, when they to *Hymen* pay
Their Vows, Foundations for strong Males to lay.
Avoid, when flush'd with Wine, the Marriage Bliss,
Nor soil your Pleasures by a drunken Kiss.
For filthy Births, such indigested Seed,
And future Gouts, and knotty Joints, will breed.
Let Reason in your Cups direct your Draught,
The Ship is often sunk when over Fraught.

Nor

Nor shou'd you only of full Bowls beware,
But too much Love, as well as Wine, forbear,
If you your Race wou'd honour with an Heir.

Repeated Joys corrupt the Native Heat,
And Wheyey Seed assumes the Genial Seat.
A Female Child deceives the Father's Hopes,
And the Stock withers, and the Lineage drops.

With Temper when you run the Nuptial Race,
Nor with a second, spoil the first Embrace;
Compleatly when you're arm'd for *Hymen's* Wars,
Observe, ye Marry'd Pairs, the reigning Stars.

And if they are to Males or Females kind,
If warm or cold, and how oppos'd or join'd.
For Masculine we call the warmer Skies,
And Male will be the Product of your Joys.

When the Ram rules, or when the Lion shines,
Or when the Ballance, Centaur, or the Twins,
Or when the Radiant Urn its Light displays,
A Boy expect to crown the close Embrace.

The rolling Planets are to Males inclin'd,
As in the Lessons of the Learn'd we find.
Thus *Saturn*, furious *Mars*, and Sov'reign *Jove*,
Reward with Boys the Parents faithful Love.
The same do'st thou, Oh *Phæbe*, Queen of Night,
To Mortals lavish of thy Silver Light.
As oft as *Jove* is in the Manly Signs,
Or *Titan* there with Golden Glories shines,
Who Love's Career with Vigour then shall run,
For him *Latona* brings a welcome Son.

A Morning Joy will sprightly Males produce,
For Rest and Sleep invigorate the Juice.
This in the Womb a firm Foundation lays,
Which will in time a Manly Structure raise.

Nor is't enough for Women to receive
The Grain, the Tillers for their Harvest give.
Male-Fruit as well from other Causes springs,
And other Care a Manly Issue brings.

For

For, when the Grain into the Ground is thrown,
And, with the Male, the Female Seed is sown,
On the Right-side the Mother shou'd recline;
For a right Womb preserves the Father's Line.
Most to the Right the living Heat subsides,
There Nature, best to feed the Birth, provides.
The Left is weak, and thence, as say the Wise,
On the Right-side the Male Conception lyes.
From a Left Womb a Female Issue flows,
And from a Right a Male, as there it grows.
By Art, when Nature may be here supply'd,
The weaker Testicle is firmly ty'd.
That a right Flood may fill the fertile Womb;
Nor from the Left the Genial Deluge come.
Thus when the Farmer for the teeming Year
Wou'd Yoke, in time, an Ox, or strain a Steer;
He ties the Bull before he leaps the Cow,
That a Male Calf may vex the painful Plow,

For a Male Issue is the gen'ral Care,
A Boy the Mother's Hope, the Father's Pray'r.
What shall we here of wicked Postures say?
When Lovers with Inverted Dalliance play;
Nor take the Joy, as Nature bids the Bliss,
But to the Pillow turn the Balmy Kifs.
What Monsters spring from such impure Delights?
What hideous Forms? What foul Hermaphrodites?
But the chaste Muse forbids me to declare
What the chaste Wife wou'd blush to do, or hear.
Stop, stop thy wanton Pen, she cries, and shew,
With Modest Art, what Modest Wives may do.
The Muses no Lascivious Words allow,
Nor he, who ne'er to *Hymen* paid his Vow.
Nor must I on his secret Rites prolong
My Theam, for now the *Fœtus* claims my Song.





CALLIPÆDIA.

BOOK III.



Late Conception, when by Signs you
know,

As chiefly when the Months forbear
to flow,

When the kind Wife with fiercer Rapture dies,
And faster in the Transport shuts her Eyes,

F 2

When

When the Womb closes, and the rising Flood
Extend the swelling Breasts with vary'd Blood ;
Betimes the careful Mother shou'd prepare
To breed the future Birth, and bring it fair.
For oft, by Negligence, the Teeming Wife
Cripples the Child, and curses it with Life.

Since Nature's Depths, with Pleasure, we explore,
Whate'er we know, are fond of knowing more ;
Since we no Art can to Perfection bring,
Nor teach, but when we trace it from the Spring :
How in the Womb the fair Conception grows,
And how it there increaseth, we'll disclose.

Ye sacred Nymphs, who haunt th' *Aonian* Grove,
Forgive the Muse, that speaks so oft of Love.
Again, she's forc'd the Marriage Bliss to name,
To shock your Ears, as she provokes your Shame.
Yet wanton Images she wou'd not raise,
And Sings, but as the Theam compels her Layes.

Love is to Love the greatest Plague ; it spoils
The Work, and with new Joys the Past defiles.
The Seed conceiv'd is by new Seed destroy'd,
She'll teem too much, who is too much enjoy'd.
Thus a new Burthen hurts the growing Child,
And a new *Fœtus* on the old is pil'd ;
Or, scarce Conceived, Abortions oft chastize,
The frisking Motions, and repeated Joys.
As when in Spring the ruddy Cherry blooms,
And fragrant Flow'rs the fruitful Grove perfumes,
If a rude Hand shou'd shake the tender Boughs,
In vain the Year his Vernal Beauty blows ;
No Summer Fruit fulfils the Virgin's Hopes,
To Earth the Promis'd Feast Unripen'd drops.
So none repeats too oft the dear Embrace,
But for the Pleasure she severely pays.
Not the she Wolf, nor filthy Female Goat,
With Teeming Bellies, with their Males will Rut.

To feed, I now shou'd teach the Pregnant Fair,
And tell what Food to chuse, and what forbear.
What Diet's to the *Fætus* kind, and what
Is noxious. This they ev'ry where are taught.
The Rules are neither rare, nor Precepts few,
And I my chiefeſt Point muſt now purſue.

When in the Womb the Forming Infant grows,
And ſwelling Beauties ſhew a Teeming Spouſe;
All Melancholly, Spleen, and anxious Care,
All Sights Obſcene, that ſhock the Eyes, forbear,
But a fair Picture, and a beauteous Face,
By Fancy's mighty Pow'r, refine the Race.
The Spirits to the Brain the Form convey,
Which thence the Seed receives, while Nature works her
On ev'ry Part th' Imprinted Image ſtays, [way,
And with the *Fætus* grows the borrow'd Grace.
Strong are the Characters which Fancy makes,
And good, and bad, the ripe Conception takes,

As when the Wheaten Mass is work'd to Dough,
Or swells with Leaven in the Kneading-Trough,
It takes whatever Marks the Maker gives,
And from the Baker's Hand its Form receives.
So works the Fancy on the Female Mold,
And Women shou'd beware what they behold,
Nor New is the Remark, of Old we find,
That Births were thus affected by the Mind.

As from without an Object, fair or foul,
With Terror, or with Pleasure, struck the Soul,

Who, *Chiron*, has not of thy Monstrous Birth
Been told? and how thy Form disgrac'd the Earth?
Fair *Phyllyra*, for her Misfortunes fam'd,
Old *Saturn*'s Breast with fuidous Love enflam'd.
Fierce was his Fire, nor cou'd he long sustain
The burning Fever, nor resist the Pain:
But Snares he to surprize the Damsel laid,
And, as the Gods were wont, deflow'r'd the Maid.

On the Sea-shore, for Ocean was her Sire,
He chanc'd to find her with a Virgin Quire;
And as she frolick'd near the foamy Flood,
He seiz'd the Nymph, and bore her to a Wood.
A Devious Path—— But Oh! what Storms of Sighs
Broke from her Breast? what Fountains from her Eyes?
As in the Letcher's horrid Arms she lay,
And found her Honour to his Lust a Prey.
So piercing were her Groans, her moving Cries,
They rent the Air, and reach'd the distant Skies.
Her; Mother *Cybele* both heard and saw,
And her lewd Husband breaking *Hymen's* Law:
Soon from *Olympus* to the Shade she flies,
And rushes on him in his Impious Joys.
When *Saturn* fear'd she wou'd surprize the Rape;
He streight assum'd a Horse's fouler Shape,
The Fury of his Jealous Wife to 'scape.

His

His Lust fulfill'd, he hid him in the Shade,
And left to her Despair the Ravish'd Maid.
But ah! The Beauty of the Virgin Flow'r
Is vanish'd, and its Spring returns no more:
Nor has he with a lovely Off-spring blest
Her lab'ring Womb, nor like a God carest.
When the Nine Moons their wonted Course have run,
A Monster comes, when she expects a Son.
Oh Horror! All his lower Parts appear
A Horse, and see his Hoofs, his Tail and Hair.
But who can tell the tender Mother's Moans?
To wail her own Dishonour, and her Son's.
Ye *Nereids*! say how ev'ry founding Shore
Your Sister's Shame did, in her Son's, deplore.
What Tides of Tears disturb'd your smiling Waves,
While thus against the Lustful God she raves.
Was't not enough my Purity to soil,
But must thou with a Beast my Womb defile,

A Birth Obscene? Ah! why did I survive
Thy filthy Rape? and why to bear it, Live?
Ah! why, *Latona*, didst thou aid my Throws,
And ease my Burthen, to encrease my Woes?
What Plagues for me has angry Heav'n in store?
Had I not known enough, ye Pow'rs before,
But ah! what am I still to suffer more?
She said; and, with excess of Sorrow spent,
Her Trouble grows at last too big for vent.
Faint is her Voice, and Languid are her Eyes;
She sinks, she falls, and in appearance dies:
The mournful Sisters with Officious Care
Attend, and sudden Remedies prepare.
Rich Cordials through her Teeth by force they pour,
And with diluted Amber Life restore.
Old *Ocean* from his secret Stores supplies
The Balm, which on his Liquid Surface lies,

To

To Life and Light restor'd, the mourning Fair
 Her Plaints continues still, and her Despair;
 On Death, and on the *Stygian* Pow'rs, she calls,
 'Till fast into the Arms of Sleep she falls.

She now forgets her Sorrow, and her Pains,
 Now rest her weary Limbs, and Fancy reigns.

Sweet Images, a various Scene, arise,
 To these sweet Thoughts succeed, and sweeter Joys,

For Fancy to the sleeping Nymph appears,

A Nymph her self, and various Shapes she wears.

Her Figure now is huge, and now 'tis small,

Now fair, and now deform'd, now short, now tall.

This Species now, and now she that assumes,

With Lights environ'd now, and now with Glooms.

No Rules confine her in her airy Flight,

But wond'rous are her Works, and great her Might,

When Sleep had on the Nymph her Mantle spread,

To A pleasing Form she took, and thus she said,

Cease,

Cease, lovely *Phyllyra*! to wound thy Eyes
With Weeping, and to rend thy Breast with Sighs.
Thy self the Cause of all thy present Woe,
Since all did from thy working Fancy flow.
For *Saturn*, like a Horse that winch'd and neigh'd,
Thy strong Imagination still survey'd.
And with the foul Idea thus defil'd,
It stamp'd the Brutal Image on the Child.
I, who to Human Minds all Forms present,
And make 'em or on this or that intent,
Have often seen thee all thy Soul employ,
To Meditate the God's detested Joy ;
His rugged Limbs, and his impetuous Force,
As thy soft Arms embrac'd the mimick Horse.
To shun his scolding Wife, when in the Wood
A Hairy Back bely'd the Hoary God.
Full of his Savage metamorphos'd Shape,
His Fierceness figure, and the fatal Rape.

This

This Image to thy Womb by Thought convey'd,
A Man and Beast the double *Fœtus* made;
And join'd a Horse's Tail and Human Head.

Had ne'er thy vile Imagination fix'd
On his rude Form, the Birth had ne'er been mix'd.
The Beast had never to the Man been join'd,
Hadst thou ne'er bid me Paint him to thy Mind.
But Uncorrupt, had sprung from Seed Divine,
An Off-spring worthy a Celestial Line.

Now let us to thy mournful Soul present
A Scene of coming Joy, and sweet Content.
Just Heav'n has blessings for the Boy in store,
And to the Skies his future Shame shall soar.
Reject not what I say, as false or vain,
For Idle Dreams I do not always feign.
But Conscious of the Fates, pronounce their Doom,
And mark the Past, the Present, and To come,

When

When number'd Years the ripen'd Man compleat,
Great tho' thy Grief, thy Joy shall be as great.
In Wisdom he shall mate the Gods, and know
All Nature's Works above, and all below.
She'll nothing from his piercing Search conceal,
But all her Secrets, all her Stores, reveal.
To him the starry Worlds shall be disclos'd,
The Earth to him, the Crystal Heav'ns expos'd,
Herbs hidden Virtues he shall find, and tell
What Weeds will poison, and what Plants will heal.
His Shape corrupted with the Bestial Kind,
Shall lose its Vileness in his Godlike Mind.
Fair *Thetis* shall to him her Son resign,
And Great *Achilles* owe his Fame to thine.
The *Phantom* said; and into Air dissolv'd,
While in her Mind the Nymph her Speech revolv'd.
She waking, finds her Pain and Sorrow cease,
Her Body's now, and now her Mind at ease.

Her

Her Rest, her Vision, and her Hopes, impart
 Light to her Eyes, and Pleasure to her Heart.
 Since by foul Objects filthy Births are made,
 And the vile Picture's to the Womb convey'd,
 A pregnant Wife will ne'er behold a Whale,
 Nor Porpus, nor the Dolphin's Azure Scale.
 Nor thee, Oh *Proteus*, will she see; nor you
Tritonian Monsters, while she's Teeming, view;
 But let her on the lovely *Nereids* gaze,
 And fix her Eyes on ev'ry charming Face.

Ye Pregnant Wives, whose Wish it is, and Care,
 To bring your Issue, and to breed it Fair,
 On what you look, on what you think, beware.
 A Boy your Wish, a beauteous Boy behold,
 With Lips a Cherrie red, and Locks of Gold;
 Like him for whom *Alexis* sigh'd of old.
 Or in *Apollo's* Radiant Youth delight,
 And like *Apollo*, shall the Birth be bright.

Her If

If Female Fruit you rather covet, view
 A Heav'nly *Venus*, such as *Titian* drew.
 Or beauteous *Danae*, when her Virgin Flow'r
 By *Jove* was gather'd, in the Golden Show'r.
 But if the Beauties of our Age can please,
 Fair *Phyllis* view; for she's as Fair as these.
 View her as when we first beheld the Dame,
 And in each Bosom felt a kindling Flame.
 How bright her Bloom, her Vernal Glories shine,
 How red her Lips, how Lilly white her Skin?
 The Loves in ev'ry Look their Sweets display,
 In ev'ry Part a thousand Graces play.
 But how inconstant is our Human State,
 How chang'd is *Phyllis*, how decay'd of late?
 The Pride of Youth she can no longer boast,
 The Graces, and the Loves, with Time are lost.
 Now Furrows in her Face her Age betray,
 And the few Hairs that hide her Head are grey.

Now

Now her black Gums for want of Grinders gape,
 And safe are such as did the Conqu'ror 'scape.
 For now those Eyes, that once created Love,
 With a dim Light and dying Lustre move.
 We scorn those Fires we cou'd not once endure;
 Her Youth was the Disease, her Age the Cure.
 So chang'd is *Phyllis*, she's a Spectre grown,
 And when she's near, ye Teeming Wives, be gone;
 Lest the foul Image, on your Mind impress,
 Defile the Seed with which your Womb is blest.

Who do's not *Chariclea's* Story know,
 Her Mother black, yet she as white as Snow;
 For when the Royal *Ethiopian* bred
 The *Fœtus* in her Womb, from *Negroë* Seed,
 Her Eyes, *Andromeda's* bright Picture charm'd,
 By gazing often, she her Fancy warm'd.
 The Seed, affected by each greedy Look,
 The fair Impression from her Fancy took.

G

Thus

Thus a white Princess from a *Negro* Queen,
A monstrous, but a beauteous Birth, was seen.
What Dangers hence, what Fears of Death ensu'd,
For long the Jealous King disown'd his Blood.
The naked *Sages*, with their artless Schemes,
In vain their Figures try'd, and holy Dreams :
'Till wife *Sisimithres*, the Master Priest,
The Cause of the prodigious Off-spring quest;
From Fancy's Pow'r the wond'rous Birth deriv'd;
The King believ'd him, and his Comfort liv'd.
But since, great Prophet of hot *Meroe's* Tribe,
Nor how the *Fætus* did the Form imbibe,
Nor how the Virgin lost her Parent Hue,
Thou didst not say — let me the Search pursue;
Let me, by diligent Inquiry, strive
From the true Cause this Wonder to derive.

For this the *Stag'rites* Rules will not suffice,
On which the Schools have set so high a Price.

A better Light I want, a better Guide,
And shall in *Epicurus* be supply'd.
I'll in his Garden trace the Rise of Things,
The source of Nature's Work, and hidden Springs.
And this more clear in our *Gassendus* see,
None Wiser, none more Learn'd, in this, than He.
None dug so deep into her Latent Store,
None search'd so far, and none discover'd more.

Whate'er in Nature may be said to be,
Whate'er we by the Sense or feel or see,
Thin Atoms in the ambient Air distill,
And all things with a Flux eternal fill.
These are the Images of all things fill'd,
And the whole Space with fluid Bodies fill'd.
About they in Successive Order fly.
And pierce the Pores, but 'scape the searching Eye,
Yet Imperceptible affect the Sight,
Mix with the Rays, and flow around with Light.

From thence the Eye no pow'rful Atoms brings,
But what the Image forms with rapid Wings.

Such as from kind and pleasant Objects rise,
Tickle the Senses, as they fix the Eyes.
Their Figure round, the Roundness gives Delight,
Engage the Soul, as they regale the Sight.

The little Balls are thro' the Pores convey'd,
And thus the Semblance is by Fancy made.

They gain the warm Recesses of the Heart,
And are from thence diffus'd to ev'ry Part.

From thence they to the Womb their Passage make,
And young Conceptions thus their Likeness take.

Fair if the Object, will the Atoms be,
And with their Shape the future Birth agree.

From a foul Figure if the Image flows,
The *Fœtus* foully like the Object grows.

The Soul and Eyes it will at once offend,
And filthy Atoms on the Womb descend.

Like

Like little Darts the lab'ring Mind it stings,
 And cruel Hate, and anxious Horror, brings,
 When the base Likeness on the Babe imprest,
 To light is brought, and breaks the Parents Rest.
 For if the Seed conceiv'd a Shape assumes,
 Wove with those Particles in Nature's Looms,
 In her first Work the Semblance she receives,
 And the vile Image on the Infant leaves.
 Nor wonder why the *Fœtus* shou'd assume
 The Likeness sooner in the Latent Womb,
 Than she, who with fix'd Eyes the Object views,
 No Look, the Figure, Time has bound, can loose.
 But as the tender Fruit which loads the Boughs,
 Still suffers most when stormy *Eurus* blows,
 Most shatter'd by the rattling Tempest's shock,
 Whose Fury scarce affects the Parent stock :
 Thus oft, while in the Cell the Infant lyes,
 Some Image, present to the Mother's Eyes,

Directs her Forming Mind, and oft destroys
Her Likeness, or the Father's, in the Boy's.
Nature do's there her wond'rous Work begin,
With the fine Parts of Human Frames within;
The Outward then she forms, and spreads the Skin.
Both these, and those, by flowing Blood are made,
And her chief Art is to adorn the Head.
Then nothing in your Minds revolve, ye Wives,
That an ill Image to a *Fœtus* gives.
On nothing Shocking look, or that may spoil
The beauteous Work, or what you bear, defile.
Nor is't enough, that you the Mind delight
With Objects grateful to the greedy Sight;
From Motions violent, ye Pregnant Fair,
Refrain betimes; the frequent Dance forbear.
Not only when the Seed the Tiller Sows
The Frisk forego, but when the Harvest grows.

By

By tender Strings the growing *Fætus* sticks,
Both when you feed the Grain, and when you mix.
Abortions, cruel Mothers, hence arise,
Or crooked Births, which you'll, when Born, despise.
If the soft Limbs with furious Leaps you shake,
You'll bend the little Plant, and often break.
Thus, by rude Dances, *Coo* spoil the Birth,
And brought of old a new Conception forth.
She broke the Stems which did the *Fætus* bind,
And from the Stock the Jelly Mass disjoin'd.
When an eighth Moon shall in the Skies advance,
Avoid ev'n then, ye Wives, the nimble Dance;
Left rashly you the rip'ning Birth destroy,
And break the Bands which bound the quicken'd Boy.
A racking Labour shall chastize your Crime,
And a red Flood prevent the promis'd Time.
Mad is that Matron who to Balls resorts,
And, Teeming, gives a Loose to rampant Sports.

But though I interdict the Dance, from hence
She shou'd not draw a dang'rous Consequence;
Or think, that I of too much Ease approve:
You must not leap, and therefore will not move.
The Mean you shou'd observe between 'em both,
Nor too much Action use, nor too much Sloth,
The Mean is ever best, an idle Life
Is always hurtful to a Pregnant Wife.
Humours, by Laziness contracted, fill
The Body, and the Native Vigour kill.
Nor can the sacred forming Virtue work,
While in the Blood those Pois'nous Juices lurk.
Its Force it can't exert, nor Strength, nor Grace
Infuse into the Child, whose injur'd Race
Shall long lament the Mother's fatal Ease.
Light Exercise refreshes, off it throws
The Parts which are too heavy and too gross;

It

It feeds and quickens Nature's latent Fire,
And helps th' Imprison'd Infant to perspire.
Thus when he breaks his Passage from the Womb,
The livelier he'll to Light, the stronger come.
What Labour for the Fair shall we devise,
When Teeming, what refreshing Exercise?
Shall we the Chariot recommend, or Chair,
To Ease her Limbs, and suck the purer Air?
The Circle shall she haunt, where artful Rows
Of lofty Elms extend their shady Boughs;
Where the *Seine* waters, with his Chrystal Tides,
The Shores, and thro' *Parisian* Meadows glides?
How will her Heart with secret Pleasure spring,
To see the Coaches whirl around the Ring?
The noble Youth to view, the lovely Maid,
Whose Eyes illuminate the crowded Shade?
A Youth see there, in Manhood's radiant Dawn,
Like *Phæbus* in his Golden Chariot drawn.

How

How white the Locks that hide his Iv'ry Neck,
And flow in Silver Curls adown his Back?
How rich his Drefs? How gay his spreading Plume,
And how the Beauties blush when e'er they see him
When in his shining Orb he makes his way, [come?
And gilds the Circle like another Day.
See in the farther Round a Virgin Fair,
And mark the Silken Tresses of her Hair.
See how her budding Paps begin to rise,
What Fires are kindled by her sparkling Eyes.
Her the glad Youth with Joy and Wonder view,
Him the gay Nymphs with wishing Eyes pursue.
Her he adores, and as she passes by,
Salutes her lowly with a Look and Sigh,
And smiling on his Love, her Eyes reply.
A grateful Glance the grateful Lover charms,
And ev'ry Smile a thousand Hearts alarms.

These

These pleasant Sights the Pregnant Lady please,
And joyous Thoughts her working Fancy seize.
But now the Beauties to retire begin,
The Shade grows empty, and the Circle thin.
The Charioteers now lash their foaming Steeds,
And rashly each to gain the Portal speeds.
Here one to get before another strives,
And with loose Reins a third before 'em drives.
Hence Noise, Confusion hence, and broken Wheels,
And often Chance th' inverted Fair reveals.
The Chariot over-turn'd, to vulgar Eyes
Expos'd, the Cast uncover'd Beauty lies.
Thus oft, alas! she wounds her lovely Face,
And cuts her Forehead with the broken Glafs.
Or dislocates her Limbs; ye Teeming Fair,
This vain Contention to be first, forbear.
Last from the Circle let your Chariot come,
And with a gentle Wheel convey you home.

For

For if you shou'd not over-turn; the Fear
 Of falling, while the Latent Fruit you bear,
 Abortions may produce, and frozen Blood,
 Suppress the flowing of the vital Flood,
 And choak the living Heat; nor act its Part,
 Or in the burthen'd Womb, or beating Heart.
 Such Mischiefs to escape, avoid the Ring,
 And mark the Beauties of the painted Spring.
 Tread on the Greens, and crop the blowing Flow'rs,
 And ease your weary'd Limbs in fragrant Bow'rs.
 Walk where the feather'd Quires their Vespers sing,
 And *Zephirs* fan you with a balmy Wing;
 If a fair Boy you'd to the Father bring.
 But when the Sun forsakes the Winter Skies,
 And hoary Frosts come on, and Snow, and Ice;
 When blasted are the Fields, the Forests bare,
 What Health, what Pleasure can you hope in Air?

In

In your warm Sheets, from Cold defended, lye;
 Avoid the Rigours of th' Inclement Sky;
 And wisely from Outrageous *Boreas* fly.

I warn, to keep within, the Pregnant Spouse,
 And all the Winter Moons to love the House.
 Shut out the furious Winds and freezing Air,
 A lovely and a lusty Boy to bear.

Yet when the North with Rage abated blows,
 And a bright Sun with Golden Glories glows;
 When fair the Face of Heav'n, and mild the Sky,
 Don't on your Couch or lazy Pillow lye.

A friendly Visit make, but go not far,
 And with the Neighb'ring Wives divert your Care.
 Laugh, Jest, be Joyous, and with harmless Mirth
 Relieve the Labours of the growing Birth.

Nor must I here forget a higher Care,
 And more incumbent on the Teeming Fair.
 Oft to the Temple let the Pregnant Spouse
 Repair, and pay to Heav'n her grateful Vows

He gives her to Conceive. The Genial Pow'r
Is his, and his the happy Parent Hour.
Oft let her bend before his sacred Shrine,
That he to virtuous Ways her Off-spring wou'd encline.
His Pious Life shall then his Age adorn,
And for a Heav'nly Birth the Child be born.

These Laws she from Conception must obey,
'Till the ripe *Fetus* breaks its dang'rous way,
Thro' the dark Dungeon of the Womb, to Day. }
And now the Moons begin the Mother's Throws,
Now quick and strong her grinding Labour grows.
The Child's impatient of the promis'd Light,
And struggles thro' the Womb, with all its Might.
But let not his Impatience hurt his Form,
And carefully preserve the Babe from Harm.
A thousand Ills a careless Birth attend,
For now like Wax his pliant Limbs will bend.
If downward with his Feet he strives to come,
Or spreads 'em when he'd leave the lab'ring Womb;

If either Arm he offers to the Neck,
The skilful Midwife gently thrusts it back.
If forward with its Haunch it comes, or Sides,
She mends the Motion, and his Passage guides.
The Head should first appear, the Body next,
Least pain'd is then the Birth, and least perplex'd.
Most apt for Passage in this way it lies,
And the first Motion turns it tow'rds the Skies.
Alone, a happy Labour will not do,
The Nurse must in her turn the Work pursue.
A Cradle for the weary Boy prepar'd,
He's swath'd, but see the Swathe be not too hard.
Oft from the Nurses Negligence arise
Hump-backs, and Bandy-leggs, or crooked Thighs.
And if in careless Folds the Babe you wrap,
You'll bend the Figure, and distort its Shape.

As Infants are to many Ills expos'd,
So many Remedies has Art disclos'd,

The

The Native Beauty of the Child to save;
And ev'n improve the Grace that Nature gave.
First then, the Floods that did the *Fœtus* feed
Foul Pustles in the New-born Infant breed.
Prevent the venom'd Sores by timely Art,
And drive the Poison from th' Infected Part.
Most be it to defend the Face your Care,
Lest the cur'd Ulcer leave a gaping Scar.
What Spoil, alas! has this Distemper made?
How low it many a lovely Look has laid?
What Lillies has it kill'd, what Roses chang'd,
What Loves destroy'd, what slighted Youth reveng'd?
When *Galatæa*, in her Virgin Bloom,
Did o'er the Swains a Tyrant Sway assume,
She like a Goddess shone, 'till this Disease
Destroy'd her Charms, and gave the Shepherds ease.
In vain she o'er her vanish'd Graces grieves,
What Prints this Ill, what horrid Chasms it leaves.

Amin-

Amintas, once the Glory of the Plain,
 The only lov'd, and only envy'd Swain;
 For whom a thousand *Sylvan* Beauties sigh'd,
 By this Disease was punish'd for his Pride.
 The Marks it left unloos'd the Lovers Chains,
 And he's now number'd with the common Swains.
 What Med'cines will Relieve, and what will Cure,
 A Sicknefs that's as fatal as impure,
 Who dares pronounce on the *Pierian* Hill?
 The Secret's left to *Æsculapian* Skill.
 And who, that ever read thy Verse Divine,
 Thou Great St. *Marthe*, wille'er be pleas'd with mine?
 What thou hast Sung shall I presume to Sing?
 Who'll dip the Stream, when they're so near the Spring?
 All Infant's Plagues they'll from thy Lessons know,
 And what the Cure, and whence the Causes flow.
 Thy wise Instructions let 'em wisely weigh,
 Oft read thy Rules, and what they read, obey.

All *Helicon* thy sacred Science drains,
And *Pindus* now a barren Hill remains.
For thee, the *Delphick* God exhausts his Store,
And we can nothing in thy Art explore.

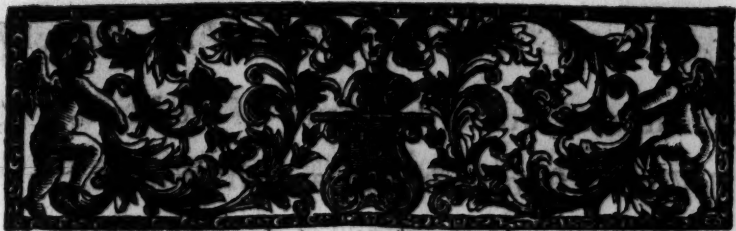
We'll here awhile the Muses Labours end,
And from our *Pegasean* Flights descend.
Pleas'd with the painful Progress we have made,
Awhile we'll rest beneath the pleasant Shade.
If *Phæbus* shou'd again inspire the Muse,
Perhaps she may a nobler Subject chuse.
As, for the Body, now she Imps her Wings,
She for the Mind perhaps may Tune her Strings.
They both shou'd be alike the Parents Care,
Pure be the Manners, as the Members fair.
What without Virtue is a beauteous Form,
In Strength what Merit, and in Grace what Charm?
And if the Soul is blind with Error, who
A lovely Body can with Pleasure view?

But

But who wou'd Human Things with Heav'nly join,
Or blend our Earthy Foggs with Air Divine?
Our Iron Age so far from Virtue swerves,
This Task from us, this Toil it scarce deserves.
The Love of Virtue's now, alas! defac'd,
And where's the Man that covets to be Chast?
Honour's an empty Notion, or a Jest,
And Peace despis'd, and Piety oppress'd.
The *French* of Foreign Ways are fond of late,
And War Eternal grieves the *Celtick* State.

Ye Pow'rs who o'er the *Gallick* World preside,
In better Paths the wandring Nation guide.
The Glory of th' *Hectorean* Race sustain,
Let our Rage cease, and Peace assume her Reign.
The Arts will Flourish, when you sheath the Sword,
And to the Bards, the Bays shall be restor'd.





CALLIPÆDIA.

BOOK IV.



Hat barb'rous Sloth my sluggish Soul
has seiz'd,

And by what Lazy Pow'r am I possess'd?

Will *Phæbus* ne'er again the Muse in-
And ever will she leave Unstrung her Lyre? [spire,

Fair Faces and fine Limbs have try'd her Streins,

But the chief Part that crowns our Work remains.

Man's inward Grace, the Beauty of the Mind,
And Virtue's sacred Charms, are still behind.
Thou Goddess, Born of *Jove's* Immortal Brain,
Who o'er the Chast unpeopled World dost reign;
Thou Queen of Sciences, Assist my Song,
To thee the Virtues, thee the Arts belong.
Inform the Muse, *Minerva*, for 'tis thine
To guide the Bard, who speaks of Things Divine.
Pure Manners who wou'd teach, and how to form
The Mind, must with thy Fire his Fancy warm.
No Flame Profane shall *Cytherea* join,
She ne'er shou'd mingle her foul Torch with thine,
Our Subject's spotless, and the Theam divine. }

When a Man's Form *Prometheus* made of Earth,
And gave, with Heav'nly Fire, that Form a Birth;
The Race, offended with the Partial Skies,
Begins their rude Beginnings to despise,

Bright

Bright in the Image of his Maker born,
 The Mortal on his Fortune looks with Scorn.
 His base Original he proudly hates,
 The Gods he Curses, and the guiltless Fates ;
 That Naked from his Mother's Womb he's thrown :
 And, of all Births, he most abhors his own.

What profits me the Flame my Sire might steal,
 Th' Etherial Vigour in my Breast I feel?
 What profits me my Godlike Mind, he cries,
 A Soul aspiring to its native Skies?
 What's the poor Life the Gods are pleas'd to grant,
 If they have doom'd me to Eternal Want ?
 What Cov'ring but the Sky, what Bed but Earth,
 Had Nature to receive me at my Birth?
 Ign'rant, and Infants, by our cries we shew,
 As soon as we are Born, that 'tis to Woe.
 Tho' on the dirty Ground he looks, the Beast
 With Strength, as well as Life, betimes is blest.

The Forest Herd defend themselves from Harms,
With Horns, with Teeth, and Hoofs, their native Arms.
The Fish with Scales, the Feather'd World with Wings,
With Claws and Beaks, the Serpent Fry with Stings,
Nature provides for all the Savage Kind,
And a full Pap in ev'ry Field they find.
A Step-mother to me. I'm forc'd to get
My Bread by Toil, and for my Food to sweat.
The Splendor of the Mind, and boasted Light,
Long lies in Darknefs, and in Infant Night;
E'er Wisdom is by dear Experience bought,
Or sooner by a surly Master taught.
To a young Mind, how hard his Rules appear,
How tedious are his Lessons, how severe?
While in the search of Honour, Fame and Truth,
Or of the gen'rous Arts, he guides his Youth.
The rapid Passions while he strives to Rule,
His Lust to Conquer, and his Rage to Cool.

Thus

Thus deal by Human Race the cruel Fates,
 Such Woe on Man, tho' most unworthy, waits.
 On the lewd Theam the daring Wretch enlarg'd,
 And the Just Gods with foul Injustice charg'd.
 Who dares with Impious Taunts insult the Skies?
 Dost thou, oh Man, thy Maker's Works despise?
 Thou to whose Rule he does this World decree,
 And bids the whole Creation bend to Thee,
 The Joy, the Beauty of it, Thou! Thy Soul
 Can all things, if it would it self, controul.
 Life is indeed in tender Infants weak,
 And brittle is the Frame, and apt to break.
 Helpless and naked; but the Mother's Care
 Not long neglects the Babe, or leaves it bare.
 Strong as it grows, its inward Light extends,
 And Time due Vigour to its Knowledge lends.
 By Reason, how to Judge aright, he learns,
 And what is hurtful, what is good, discerns.

His

His Wants he knows, and what his Wants supplies,
The Fair he courts by this, the Foul he flies.
By this are Palaces Foundations laid,
Castles are built, and wholsome Laws are made.
By this he far the dreadful Ocean ploughs,
The Air by this, the Starry Heav'ns he knows,
True; By the Body oft the Mind's deprest,
On Earth it oft wou'd with the Body rest.
But when it spreads its Wings aloft it flies,
And reaches in its Flight its Kindred Skies.
With Pious Flames, Etherial Heat, it burns,
And joyous to its Native Heav'n returns.
Nor arduous is the Task, when Human Light,
By Grace assisted, gains the glorious Height.
Down on the subject World it looks with Scorn,
Above her Momentary Trifles born,
The sacred Work must be by Art begun,
And Precepts help the Paths of Vice to shun.

The

The Rule is safe, the Shelves and Sands it shews,
 And the Mind stronger by Instruction grows.
 Sometimes, tho' rare, the Father's Seed, we own,
 In Soul and Body may affect the Son.
 If happy be the Skies, the beauteous Race
 The Likeness may preserve in Mind and Face.
 But oft it fails, and loosely if you breed
 Your Off-spring, what avails the gen'rous Seed?
 'Tis all by Education lost, the Child
 Degen'rates, and the best Beginning's spoil'd.
 We never can enough those Parents blame,
 Who, careless of a Mother's sacred Name,
 To Ign'rant Nurses their poor Infants trust;
 To such, as neither will nor can be Just.
 Oft at a Venal Pap they suck their Bane,
 And in their Blood the Latent Plague retain.
 But of those Evils not to speak, which flow
 From the first Draughts, and with the Body grow;

The

The Mind's affected by corrupted Juice,
If bad the Milk, the Manners may be loose.
Who knows not that a Whore's malignant Pap
Corrupts the Infant, in her wanton Lap;
With Lust and impious Fires it fills his Breast,
And seldom is the Child, so suckled, Chast.
Thou *Romulus*, who in thy Brother's Blood
Deep dip'ft, and for thy Rage Commenc'dst a God;
Who by rude Force the *Sabine* Nymph embrac'dst,
Who spoil'dst the *Latian* World, and liv'dst by Waste;
To Blood what urg'd thee, to the Spoil and Rape,
But the Wolf's Milk, and horrid Foster Pap?
If Chast the Nurse's Milk, and Manners; hear,
Ye Fathers, what is next a Parent's Care.
In Wisdom's Ways your hopeful Sons to Breed,
And by what Rule you ought their Youth to lead.
For tho' the Boy, unwilling to be Wise,
To study Virtue with Regret applies;
'Tis learnt, like other things, by Exercise.

Book IV. *CALLIPÆDIE*. 109

And thus th' *Athenian* Sage of old aspir'd
To Wisdom, thus her Gifts, her Grace acquir'd.
Nature averse, incessantly he toil'd,
Till the bright Goddess on his Labours smil'd;
Till, obstinate to win, he won the Prize,
And by the *Delphick* God was nam'd the Wife.

Not all the Rules to form, the Manners fit,
Not all to write I mean that may be writ.
But the chief Precepts that the Muse can reach,
And apt for such as Learn, or such as Teach.
To bend their tender Minds by sound Advice,
And turn 'em to the Ways, where walk the Wise.

First, e'er the Infant's little Tongue can break
Its Bonds, and while it wants the Pow'r to speak,
With pleasant Food to feed it be thy Care,
And other Helps, that then are usefess, spare.

In Beauty and in Strength 'twill grow, and Size,
If stir'd and us'd to gentle Exercise.

The

The Mind's asleep, and can't as yet display
 Its Native Light; for, like the rising Day,
 Weak are its Infant Dawn, and Morning Ray.
 But as to Noon its spreading Glories rise,
 It warms the Worlds around, and gilds the Skies.
 As soon as it has learnt a Lisping Speech,
 And Human Voice, 'tis thine the rest to Teach.
 Inform it of thy Heav'nly Father's Will,
 And his dread Laws into its Mind instil.
 Its Duty let it know, before the Phrase,
 And early let it Lisp its Maker's Praise.
 When Lightnings Blast, and Thunders shake the Sphere,
 When trembling to thy Lap it flies with fear,
 Tell it 'tis Heav'n's tremendous Voice that roars,
 And threatens Vengeance for his slighted Pow'rs.
 Fear thus prepares it to obey His Law,
 And its young Mind is kept in useful Awe.

God

God may, perhaps, by Reason's Light alone,
 If strong the Genius of the Child, be known.
 But late it comes, and many rolling Years
 Must run their Round, before that Light appears :
 Unless betimes the Father's Lessons shew
 The forward Son, what he betimes shou'd know.

I pity then their Miserable Fate,
 Who never know those Truths, or know too late.
 Who ever wand'ring in a Gloomy Way,
 To Death in worse than Infant Darknes stray.
 Wise in the World, and vers'd in mighty things,
 They search the Causes, and the hidden Springs.
 Yet Providence's Care they ne'er discern,
 Nor how th' Eternal works in all Things learn.
 This Knowledge must be taught, 'tis not acquir'd
 By Guess, and rarely by the God Inspir'd.

Nor will it be enough, to teach the Boy
 The boundless Pow'r of him who Rules on high.

To

To breed him in his Worship, and his Fear,
So guide him, if he will thy Lessons hear,
That he this sacred Maxim may pursue,
To do himself what he'd have others do.
With grateful Heart his Parents to revere,
Why shou'd I name? The Duty is so clear.
Or why his Kindred to respect, or Age,
Or why the Just, the Noble, and the Sage?
The Magistrate to honour, why? For none
In this will leave untaught the Docile Son.
When by degrees his mental Vigour grows,
Let him no Time to form his Studies lose,
But early put him to the forming Muse.
His Service now th' *Aonian* Sisters claim,
When soft his Brain, and like his Waxed Frame.
Whate'er his Mind receives, the Impression's strong,
And Art as well as Love affects the Young.

Whom

Whom will the Mother of the Nine inspire?
 That Courts her with an old and languid Fire.
 From *Grecian* first, and from the *Latian* Store,
 His Mind let him enrich with ancient Ore.
 The Names of things, the things themselves acquire,
 To know, what known, he'll ne'er enough admire.
 With the dead Languages when he has done,
 The Living let him Learn, and first his own:
 Study the Beauties of the *Celtick* Tongue,
 Where best 'tis written, or where best 'tis Sung.
 Th' *Iberian*, tho' a Pompous Phrase, affords
 Some Profit in its strong and sounding Words.
 These let him Master with assiduous Toil,
 His Judgment thus Improve, and thus his Style.
 Historick Truths, and Heroes deathless Deeds,
 As Fame records, the painful Student reads.
 But Stories by a Mimick Fancy feign'd
 Of Kings and Men, who never Liv'd nor Reign'd;

The vain Romance, in Vogue with Fools, he'll hate,
And all the Visions that have swarm'd of late.
He'll learn to treat these worthless Toys as Lies,
And ev'ry thing that is not true, despise.
But most he loves the Poets sacred Lay,
And with the Chast *Pierian* Nymphs to play.
To him their Fury do's Divine appear,
Their Musick such as Gods might deign to hear.
To Virtue thus with Pleasure he's inclin'd,
And charms his Sense when he informs his Mind.
But when his Years encrease, his Heat within,
And Strength without, the trying State begin.
Strong grow his Passions, and with prudent haste,
Direct his Reason, then to grow as fast.
His boyling Blood can scarce its Rage restrain,
And hard it is for Youth to hold the Rein.
Thick Tempests rise around his crowded Soul,
And furious Waves o'er gentle Reason roul.

'Till

'Till Wisdom penetrates the Starless Night,
Restores the Calm, and spreads her Beamy Light.

Go on brave Youth, the Paths of Virtue tread,
And ben't by Error's devious Tract mis-led.

'Till free from Filth, and Spotless is thy Mind,
'Till pure thy Life, and of th' Etherial Kind.

For this we must believe, when e'er we die,
We sink to *Styx*, or to *Olympus* fly.

Two Worlds Just Heav'n for our Reward prepares
Hell for the Wicked, for the Good the Stars.

Our highest Wisdom this, and our Desire,
The proudest Thought of Man can soar no high'r,
Than God, his Maker, and himself to know;
Above to look, and scorn the Things below.

And since the Quire of Virtues are controul'd
By Reason, and by th' Understanding rul'd:
Since to sound Manners Knowledge leads thee, strive
High as thou canst in Science to arrive.

Tho' Darkneſs thickens, and Confuſion crowds
Around thee, this will ſcatter all the Clouds.
But Knowledge in ſome narrow Minds declines,
And with weak Rays Celeſtial Sience ſhines :
The Love of Truth, and of the gen'rous Arts,
Ne'er works its way, or in their Heads or Hearts.
This Miſchief ſprings from the Mechanick Frame;
When a thick Vapour choaks the Lambent Flame.
Or, poor in Light, they ſtupidly behold
Whate'er they ſee, and hear whate'er they're told.
If or from this or that it flows, do thou,
As Fate commands, the Fields of Knowledge plough,
And cultivate thy Mind, but ben't ſo vain,
To fancy thou canſt Godlike Knowledge gain ;
As far as thou may'ſt Nature's Depths explore,
Still Inexhauſtible thou find'ſt the Store.
Thee let the Order ſhe obſerves ſuffice,
What Laws controul our Earth, and what the Skies.

Mark

Mark how a thousand Starry Orbs on high,
Around the Void with equal Motion fly.
Mark how the Huge Machine one Order keeps,
And how the Sun th' Etherial Champion sweeps ;
Both Earth and Air with Genial Heat he warms,
Gives ev'ry Grace and ev'ry Beauty Forms.
Whether around the Lazy Globe he rolls,
Or Earth is whirl'd about him on her Poles,
God is the Mover ; God the living Soul,
That made, that acts, and animates the whole.
Hence with thy Atoms, *Epicurus*, Hence ;
Was all this wond'rous Frame the Sport of Chance ?
Of Solids, they, 'tis true, the Matter make,
Can Matter from its self its Figure take ?
Can the bright Order in the World we see,
The blind Effect of wanton Fortune be ?
Did jumbling Atoms form the various kind
Of Beings ? or did one Almighty Mind ?

Guess what you will, you must at last resort
To a first Cause, and not to Chance's Sport.
This Cause is God, and how like God shou'd we,
If we cou'd know his secret Councils, be?
If we cou'd trace the rise of Things, how bright,
How like his own, wou'd shine our borrow'd Light?
Discording Elements how Nature blends,
Why Upwards one, another Downwards tends;
Of Stones, and Plants, the sev'ral kinds to know,
And how in Earth's deep Womb hard Metals grow.
How wou'd it raise our Thoughts, if Grain and Trees,
If Winds, or Ebbing Tides, and flowing Seas,
The Forest Herds, the Fields, the Genial Fires,
We knew, the Scaly Fish, and Feather'd Quires;
And if we in Perfection cou'd rehearse,
The various Wonders of the Universe?
But most our Knowledge shou'd to Man incline,
The wond'rous Fabrick of his Form Divine.

To him, who o'er the vast Creation Reigns,
And his wide Sway by Reason's Rules maintains.
What is there scatter'd in th' Expanded Round,
But in Man's Nature may alone be found ?
Do's not his Front resemble that of *Jove*,
When o'er the Gods he sits enthron'd above;
Wing'd Quires attending at his awful Nod,
To waft the Orders of the dreadful God ?
Thus in the Head of Man the Soul presides,
Informs the Body, and the Members guides.
The Spirits there Unite, and there they shed
Th' Etherial Light that o'er his Frame they spread.
Who knows not that the Heart's the Sov'reign Seat
Of Life, that there the Vital Fountains meet,
And feed and fill the whole with living Heat.
But oft, as from the Sun hot Rays are hurl'd,
That blast the Air, and burn the Subject World;

So in the Heart when boiling Choller reigns,
And furious Lust enflames the fev'rish Veins ;
What parching Heat destroys the Human Frame?
And nothing can or quench or check the Flame.

What shou'd I of the Paunch's Burthen tell,
When in its Deep collected Humours swell?
As the Earth's Filth's contracted in the Sea,
And never is it thence from Vapour free;
Thus Foggs and *Flatus* from the Belly rise,
And to the Head and Breast the Mischief flies :
From whence, in Perspiration thro' the Pores,
It drops a kindly Dew like falling Show'rs.
Or rather as thick Clouds and Mists impure,
The Sun's full Beams or Rosie Dawn obscure.
So Humours in the foul *Abdomen* lie,
Which soon to Vapours turn, and mount on high.
Chaos and Night they spread, no chearful Ray
The Soul enlightens, 'till returning Day
Breaks thro' the horrid Gloom its Golden way.

But mostly it concerns a Human Mind,
 Her self to know, and her Ætherial Kind.
 For nothing is more Precious; since her State
 To Death's superior, and secure from Fate.
 Eternal, Immaterial, and when free
 From Guilt, there's nothing so like God as she.
 And tho' in ev'ry Part diffus'd she Lives,
 Tho' Life she to the Lump and Motion gives,
 Yet from the Mortal Body she's disjoin'd.
 The Latent Nature, and abstracted Kind
 Of things, she by her Light Innate discerns,
 Or by Reflection, what she pleases, learns :
 As far at least as Human Light can go,
 Clog'd by the Clay that covers it below.
 Thus tho' on high th' Omnipotent controuls
 The World Immense, and round it ever rolls,
 The Motion's his; he guides the hidden Springs.
 His, tho' the Times and Turns of Human Things,
 Him-

Himself to nothing owes his boundless Might,
And shines Eternal with his proper Light.
When Emulous of Gods, the Mind to know
Her worth begins; is the Content below?
Will she of Filth be fond, in Dross confide,
The Joys of Sense, or the Deceit of Pride?
Or rather will she not such Toys despise,
Grow proud of Virtue, and ashamed of Vice?
For if the Virtuous with himself shall dwell,
And Heav'n has doom'd the Vicious Soul to Hell:
Who thinks he's of the Blissful State secure,
Whose Wishes are not Chast, nor Manners pure;
Whom Wisdom do's not please, who loves to stray
From the streight Path, and takes the wider Way;
Who do's not Fortune's Smiles and Frowns disdain,
Grief, meager Poverty, Contempt and Pain.
For Worldly Ills agree with Virtue best,
And Wisdom flourishes when she's deprest.

Since

Since thou in Life must various Duties mix,
Thou must not on thy self thy Virtues fix.
Allow thou may'st deserve with Gods to live,
Some Cares thou still must to thy Country give.
To publick Offices apply thy Mind,
And study to be Useful to Mankind.
For was not Man a Civil Creature born?
And shou'd not he his Soul with Civil Gifts adorn?

Since with all Men all Studies don't agree,
First what's the Genius of the Student see.
In that Indulge him. If to War he bends
His Mind, or if to Peaceful Arts he tends.
War may be Lawful, and the Murd'ring Trade
A Science, not a mean one, now is made;
But shou'd be most the Business of the Young,
When their Blood's warm, their Manly Sinews strong.
Beware lest whilst thou haunt'st the Martial Field,
Thy Morals do not to Corruption yield.

Since

For

For apt is War a Hopeful Youth to spoil,
And Arms the Purity of Life defile.
From Furious *Ennyo* frighted Virtue flies,
And its mild Spirit Martial Minds despise.
But Christians shou'd not Wars with Pleasure wage,
Nor madly imitate the *Thracian* Rage;
Where the fierce Nations deal in impious Arms,
Insensible of Peace's softer Charms.
They never with fine Arts their Souls refine,
Of *Pallas* never heard, nor of the Nine.
By gentle Studies purge thy cruel Mind,
And let mild *Phæbus* with rude *Mars* be join'd.
By Travel crown the Arts, and learn abroad
The Gen'ral Virtues which the Wise applaud.
To Study Nations I advise betimes,
And various Kingdoms know, and various Climes;
Whatever worthy thy Remarks thou seest.
With Care remember, and forget the rest.

This

This do, before what course of Life to take,
 Thou dost, a vain, a rash Election make.
 Take from their Manners what for thine is fit;
 Each Province has its Ways, each People have their Wit.
 Thee it becomes, their Customs to observe, [swerve.
 To mark where right they walk, and where they
 What Virtue here prevails, and there what Vice,
 Whose Politicks are Weak, and whose are Wise.

Thee first fair *Italy* invites, whose Seas
 Defend, with double Dykes, her smiling Peace.
 Once Empress of the World, she then cou'd boast
 A Sway from *Indus* to the *British* Coast;
 But now her Pride is sunk, her Pow'r is lost.
 Religion is her only Glory now,
 And the bright Shrines to which the Nations bow.
 Here Lazy Soldiers sleep on rusty Shields,
 And a light Spear with Pain the *Latian* wields.

In

This

In slavish Sloth they live, their Fathers Fame
 They now forget, and *Rome's* Imperial Name.
 What Heroes has the sacred City giv'n
 To Earth of old, and thence what Stars to Heav'n?
 Nor is their ancient Virtue quite destroy'd,
 By which they Conquer'd, and the World enjoy'd.
 What mighty Minds, what bright Examples theirs,
 How glorious was their Peace, how great their Wars?
 The Huge Machine upon its Axis roll'd,
 For them and Kings by Consuls were controul'd.
 Go tread the famous Paths by *Cæsar* trod,
 Where he Commenc'd a King, and *Romulus* a God.
 Our * *Julius* brightens now the *Celtick* Sphere,
Rome's second Pride, a new *Ausonian* Star.
 In him the *Scipio's* and the *Fabii* shine,
 And in one Breast their sev'ral Virtues join.
 Not him, the proud *Iberians* bloody Rage
 Can awe, when wide and bloody Wars they wage.

* *Mazarine.*—

Not him, *Tisiphone*, whose Band excites
 The *Gaul* to mutual Wounds, and mutual Fights.
 Not him, foul Slander hurts with Pois'nous Breath
 Nor meagre Envy wounds with venom'd Teeth.
 Their latent Snares he scorns, their open Spite;
 In vain they threaten him, in vain they bite.
 Where in th' *Ausonian* Nations you may find,
 Their ancient Courage, and their Strength declin'd.
 The wily Ways of subtle Minds you meet,
 Soft are their Manners, and their Language sweet.
 Their flowing Eloquence, and flatt'ring Air,
 Are fine, if false, and if deceitful, fair.
 For ev'ry Art th' *Italians* are renown'd,
 And sweet's their Science when 'tis not profound.
 No Toil he spares, who covets to be Wise,
 But runs with Patience 'till he wins the Prize.
 No distant Hopes discourage him, no Pains,
 No Frown of Fortune; what he wants he gains.

Fur-

Frugal and Provident, Expence he flies,
And tho' he will not waste his Wealth, enjoys.
For Industry and Wit, th' *Italian* Name
Is spread, and for a happy Muse, by Fame.

Thy Travels if by *Spain* thou dost pursue,
A haughty Nation, and a fierce, thou'lt view;
Who wou'd two Worlds by wicked War subdue:
Whose wild Ambition, and their Lust of Sway
Ne'er rest, and who on all Mankind wou'd prey.
What Perils have they undergone, what Toil,
What Empires ruin'd, by their greedy Spoil?
What daring Deeds their cruel Pride inspires?
And nothing can content their mad Desires.
To Conquest they thro' Winds and Tempests fly,
Thro' Seas unknown, and to another Sky.
Nor Thirst, nor Hunger, can their Rage retain,
So fond are they of an Unbounded Reign,

But

But tho' this blind Desire of boundless Sway
Prevents; no Host like these their Heads obey.

With such dread awe, no Military Bands
Submit to their Superior's harsh Commands.

Their Courage constant, and their Martial Flame
Still Blazes, and with them's no Vice like Shame.

The Glebe neglected, and such rural Cares,
Unprun'd they leave the Vine, and seek the Wars:
Each arms, and to the Spade the Spear prefers.

A Lordly Spirit burns in ev'ry Breast,
And gladly they for Rule renounce their Rest.

In Arms not only, but in Council Great,
Thou'lt many of the chief *Iberians* meet.

Tenacious of their Secrets, close and proud;
Religion they pretend, to cheat the Crowd.

Thus vulgar Minds with Biggot Zeal they fill,
Thus colour their Designs, and cloak when ill.

But

K

Thy

Thy Ears the *Spaniard* with big words will stun,
Yet ev'ry Tongue despises, but his own.

With a loud Bounce their tam'd Speech is spoke ;
And yet how soon the Blaze dissolves in Smoke ?

But if the Sun those barren Climes to burn
Thou leav'st, and dost to fruitful *France* return:
The *Pyrenæan* past, thou there wilt find
A Nation temper'd of a various Kind,
And Mild and Fierce, and Rude and Gentle, join'd.

Good Offices, or ill, pass lightly by,
And neither long in their Remembrance lye.

Not forward to Revenge, or to Oblige,
But yet their Swords are not without an Edge.

Their Native Levity to Valour yields,
And none more fierce or bold in Fighting Fields.

How oft has mighty *Rome* with Terror shook,
When the brave *Gauls* have like a Torrent broke
Her Fences, and she fear'd the *Gallick* Yoke?

How

How far have they advanc'd with Conqu'ring Hosts
Beyond, or *Asian* Shoars, or *Lybian* Coasts?

How oft their Arms have in the East been fam'd,
And Nations *Rome* cou'd never tame, have tam'd?

But seldom lasting is their Martial Fire,
In peaceful Intervals the Flames expire.

If ill the Issues, the Beginning fair,
They're balkt, and of a better Fate despair.

Whence do's this Negligence of Glory rise?

Is't that their Heat away in Vapour flies,
Or those whom once they've beaten, they despise?

Or is it that their vain inconstant Mind,
Is still to Novelties too much inclin'd?

That now they're bent, and now averse to War,
And now the Olive, now the Bays prefer.

No Nation like the *French* a Crown adore,

None love their Monarch, none revere him more.

K

His

How

His Pleasure they with Pride obey and fear,
And Majesty is in full Glory here.
His Realms he with Despotick Edicts awes,
Edicts are Statutes, and his Will, the Laws.
And shou'd a Boy his Father's Sceptre sway,
The Subject wou'd the same Obedience pay.
What shall I mention of the *Gallick* Court,
Of Foreign Worth, as she's the full Resort?
How kindly she her noble Guests receives,
And when ill Times prevent her, how she grieves.
For *France* to Alien Merit's always kind,
And Favour there, whoe'er deserves it, find.
For Council fit, if apt for Great Affairs,
In Wisdom eminent, or fam'd in Wars.
Whoe'er are thus, will, as they merit, fare,
And Virtue's ne'er reputed Foreign there.
He now who at the Helm her Empire guides,
How well he for her Wants and Wars provides?

The

The *Roman* Prince with *Latian* Purple drest,
 How easie are we in his Rule, how blest?
 While singly he with steady Soul sustains
 The *Gallick* World, and for her Monarch Reigns.
 He like a new *Alcides* spreads her Fame,
 And will again the *Spanish* *Geryon* tame.
 Not only civil Manners, free Access,
 Not chearful Looks alone, and fine Address,
 The *French* distinguish; but the Muse Divine,
 And gen'rous Arts with those of Sway they join.
 Untouch'd they nothing leave, because abstruse,
 And for their Guide the *Attick* Sages chuse.
 Of these their Eloquence they learn; to Sing
 Of the Nine Sisters of th' *Aonian* Spring.
 To tune th' *Ausonian* Lyre their Poets teach,
 And *Roman* Heights by *Latian* Helps they reach.
 Of *Latian* Emulous and *Attick* Strains,
 We hear their Musick in the *Celtick* Plains.

And when the tender Air they try, or strong,
They Charm alike, and *Phæbus* owns the Song.

At *Calais* if you cross the Streight, you'll find
The cruel *English* from the World disjoin'd.

Cruel indeed, with Royal Blood defil'd,

A Rabble, Rask, Untameable, and Wild.

With holy Lunacy they're all possest,

And ev'ry Man's a Prophet, or a Priest.

Humour's with them Religion's only Guide,

And each that fatal Rule pursues with Pride.

Each on his Neighbour wou'd his own impose,

And thence This Sect to That are Mortal Foes.

Hence Wars and Woes, while each his Dreams wou'd
Mis-lead the rest, as he's himself mis-led. [spread,

Each by the Sword his Doctrine wou'd defend,

Which each believes he has a Right to mend.

To Kings alike Rebellous, and the Skies,

All Ancient Rites and Worship they despise.

This

This Madness to a thousand others leads,
 Soon as it springs, a new Opinion spreads.
 By ev'ry Sex and Age with Heat espous'd,
 'Till tir'd by that, they're by the next abus'd.
 In something they're however worthy Praise,
 For who have like the *English* plough'd the Seas?
 Who vers'd in Nautick Arts, like them have past
 The farthest Limits of the Liquid Wast.
 Not *Typhis* more, nor mighty *Jason* knew,
 Nor all the boasted *Argo's* vent'rous Crew.

What shou'd I of the *Belgick* Nations say?
 From these divided by a narrow Sea.
 Their Manners like the *French*, but that they hate
 A Kingly Name, and loath a regal State.
 Tenacious of their Liberties, they scorn
 To wear the Yoak, to which their Sires were born.

With Pleasure thou'lt the *German* World survey,
 Where *Cæsar* still asserts Imperial Sway.

Where the proud Eagle rules the spacious Plains,
And all that's left of *Roman* Pride, remains.
Plain are the People, Faithful here, and Kind.
And fair themselves, they hate a fraudulent Mind,
But whether 'tis, that thick and cold the Air,
The Brain is chill'd, a ready Wit is rare.
Or whether 'tis that by the Vice of Drink,
They drown their Wit, and lose the Pow'r to think.
For here the sparkling Glass goes often round,
And thirsty Feasts, and flowing Bowls abound.
Such drunken Revels are with them no shame,
And *Bacchus* always lights the Social Flame.
When in their Cups their friendly Souls they join,
Use makes it lawful to Indulge with Wine.
As kind, so bold they o'er the Bottle grow,
And Mirth and Friendship in their Bumpers flow.
Thus at the *Bacchanals* the giddy Guests,
In Honour of *Silenus* held their Feasts.

Thus

Thus to the Gods their Noisie Hymns they fung,
 And the Lewd Temples with their Clamour rung.
 But 'tis not here an Univerfal Vice,
 And Part at least of both the Great and Wise,
 This vulgar and unmanly Joy despise.
 Who more Discov'ries have in Science made,
 Who more its Use advanc'd, its Glory spread?
 The Lightnings of the War, who do's not know,
 And Thunders we to *German* Studies owe.
 To them th' Immortal Honours of the Prefs,
 And Learning's second Life, and vast Encrease.
 Inur'd to War, unactive Ease they hate,
 And the soft Leifures of a Peaceful State.
 Left Ease and Sloth shou'd quench their Martial Fire,
 They serve their Neighbours in their Wars for Hire.
 And rather than in lazy Peace they'll Rust,
 Their Quarrels Fight; for his, who pays, is just.

To

To *Dane* and *Pole* thou may'st at last proceed,
To the Rude *Russian*, and the Martial *Swede*.
For tender as the *Muse*, and tho' 'tis rare,
She sometimes dwells beneath the Frozen *Bear*.
But thou, perhaps, so far wou'dst not extend
Thy Toil, nor to such various Climes descend:
Such Lengths thou may'st not be inclin'd to go,
The Nations Manners, and their Arts, to know.
Strength such an Enterprize requires, and Wealth,
A Store of Fortune, and a Stock of Health.
From Sea to Sea to pass, from Shore to Shore,
And diff'rent Tracts, and distant Realms explore.

But when thou to Maturer Years art grown,
And from far Climes again hast reach'd thy own;
Thy Manners when by Travel thou'st refin'd,
Inform'd thy Judgment, and Improv'd thy Mind;
There fix: Some Civil settled Business chuse,
And don't the Labours of thy Travels lose.

Weigh

Weigh well what Life will with thy Genius suit,
And of the bought Experience, reap the Fruit.

Whate'er thou didst in Foreign Regions view,
Now fly it, if 'twas bad, if good, pursue.

Avoid their Vices, make their Virtues Thine,
And let their Lights, in Thee united, shine.

As when *Hyblean* Bees the Work contrive,
And meditate the Labours of the Hive.

The Woods they search with an unweary'd Wing,
The Gardens and the Greens, to rob the Spring.

And when the Field's refresh'd with Vernal Show'rs,
They sip the Dew, and suck the blowing Flow'rs.

Sweet *Thyme* for them, and grateful *Cassia* grow,
And *Sav'ry* blooms, and Purple *Violets* blow.

Their Sweets from ev'ry Tree and Herb they take,
And *Honey* of their various Juices make.

While thus thy ripen'd Years in Manhood wear,
Preserve the Stock thou hast acquir'd with Care.

Thy

Thy Genuine Gifts by Study still improve;
For great Examples ever greatly move.
The Lives of Heroes at thy Leisure read,
What Captains have perform'd, and Sages said.
What thou by Earth may'st learn, or by the Skies,
And all things proper to inform the Wise.
Nor shou'dst thou Conversation's Helps omit,
Which gives to Virtue Strength, an Edge to Wit.
When Good, the kind Contagion's apt to spread,
And Men to Knowledge are by Friendship led.
We can't too much those cruel Parents blame,
Who think their Rank above a Father's Name.
Who never, careless of their Children, mind
With whom they are in League and Friendship join'd.
But freely let 'em their Associates chuse,
And leave 'em to a flowing Rein, and loose.
Thus grow the Noble Youth in Years and Vice,
Herd like the Rout, and Discipline despise.

What

What hopes such Breeding will to Virtue lead.

The Harvest will be ever like the Seed.

Thence Riots, Gaming, and lewd Scoffs ensue,

And thence the Wanton and the Wasteful Crew.

Unwary Youth, who walk without a Guide,

To Vice will from the Paths of Virtue slide.

Not only they Ignoble Ways pursue,

They never seek, nor wish to find the True.

They blindly follow, as by Passion led.

And ever liv'd deprav'd as they were bred.

But nothing more corrupts the Callow Lord,

Than *Parasites* that haunt his crowded Board.

They freely to his Plenteous Table come,

Where Virtue's oft deny'd for want of Room.

How loud the fordid Rout their Voices raise?

The Bottles these, and those the Dishes praise.

This with a sparkling Glass the next defies,

Around it to his Lordship's Wishes flies,

And each Extols the Liquor to the Skies.

}

Another now to *Cupid's* soft Delights,
By wanton Talk, his kindling Lust excites.
Behold, oh Gen'rous Youth, the Flatt'rer cries,
That lovely Virgin Nymph with longing Eyes ;
Can neither Bloom thy Heart, nor Beauty move?
Bless, and be blest; Indulge thy self with Love.
The *Solons* thou, the *Cato's* shouldst despise,
For he, who to be Happy knows, is wise.
This wicked Speech is follow'd by a worse,
Their Guests are such, and such their vain Discourse.

This spoken, while to speak I still prepare,
What Heav'nly Voice invades my trembling Ear?
What Light is this, which like the Orient Day,
Breaks fresh, and darts a new, a warmer Ray?
Calliope? 'Tis she, 'tis she, I know,
By her mild Aspect, and her bashful Brow.
Her Step the Goddess, and her Mein confess:
To me, why dost thou thus, oh Nymph, address?

Hast

Hast thou on *Pindus* heard my daring Lays,
And thence descend'st to give the *Bard* the Bays.

Go on, said she; and what the Beauteous Nine
Can give to close thy grateful Song, is Thine.

Go on; again they will thy Breast inspire;
Supply thy Muse, and feed thy wasting Fire.

For Males thou shou'dst not only Precepts find,
And study to adorn the Manly Mind:

The Female claims, as she deserves, thy Care,
And Woman shou'd thy useful Lessons share.

Beauty is Hers with ev'ry outward Grace,
And fair shou'd be her Mind, as well as Face.

The Manners proper for her Sex, she'd know,
The proper Graces, which you next shou'd shew.

And to the Muses since the Sex belong,
Since *Theirs* their Virtues, *Theirs* shall be the Song.

Nor will I, to inform the Fair, disdain,
But thus in friendly Verse their Arts Explain.

First

Hast

First Woman's Mind is not so weak in force,
Nor is the Clay of which she's form'd so Course;
But she's for the sublimest Knowledge fit,
For ev'ry thing that Art can do, or Wit.
Who dares an Error so absurd maintain,
That Woman either Courage wants, or Brain?
Why mayn't she Causes and Effects inquire?
To ev'ry thing that Man aspires, aspire?
Or why to Man shou'd Fate the Blessing give,
Yet Woman's Soul of Reason's Light deprive?
Why must the Pow'r of Human Minds, in her
Be broken; and the Foolish be the Fair?
The Righteous Gods cou'd ne'er admit such Wrong.
If *Phæbus* is for Science fam'd, or Song.
Tritonian Pallas, and the Sacred Nine,
Of Song and Science boast, and all his Arts Divine.
How were we Worship'd by a Royal Dame,
In elder Times, Reflect, ye *Gauls*, with shame.

With

With thee, oh Daughter of *Valois*, the Pride,
The Boast, in *Gaul*, the Wit of Woman dy'd.

A gen'ral Sloth has seiz'd the Sex, and now
None covet what the Muses teach, to know.

We hence in Honour of the Nine must fly,
To Climes beneath the *Hyperborean* Sky.

Beneficent the *Goths* great Queen we find
To Learning, to the slighted Sisters kind.

Our Laurels with her Father's Wreaths she joins,

And *Mars* his Empire to the Muse resigns.

Oh wondrous turn of Fate! oh Pow'r Divine,

Here now the Noble Arts conspicuous shine;

Whose barb'rous Nations once their Glories hurl'd

To Dust, and ravag'd all the Learned World.

Now mighty is the Change! the *Heroin's* Care

Has rais'd their Beamy Heads, and crush'd the War.

If less you to the beauteous Arts encline,

Ye *Celtick* Fair! If you neglect the Nine,

L

Be

Be Good at least, be Modest and Discreet,
And ne'er your Character nor Sex forget.

When Wool you weave, or turn the whirling Wheel,

With flying Fingers, when you charge the Reel,

Or guide thro' pliant Flax the pointed Steel,

Call oft to Mind the Pious *Sabine* Wives,

And form, by theirs, your chaste and painful Lives.

Who can endure lewd Manners in the Fair?

A *Lais*, or a *Flora*, who can bear?

Who likes, or wanton Smiles, or tempting Leers;

Or what dishonest in the Sex appears?

Not *Psyche* by such fond Enticements strove

To Charm, and yet she Charm'd the God of Love.

For Virtue and a modest Mien inspire

A fierce, a lawful, and a lasting Fire.

She said, and into fleeting Air dissolv'd,

While in my Soul her Sayings I revolv'd,

Sad and confus'd. Oh Goddess, hadst thou pleas'd
 With other Wisdom to inspire my Breast,
 How had I listen'd to thy sacred Voice?
 And now a nobler Theam had been my Choice.
 What Gifts of Royal Minds enrich the Throne,
 What Arts of Rule I might from thee have known.
 And what Heroick Virtue shou'd adorn,
 The Souls of such as are for Empire born.
 How Subjects shou'd obey what Kings decree;
 Majestick Truths, I might have learnt from thee.
 And to the *Celtick* Monarch, fair and young,
 From thy Eternal Oracles have sung.
 To him that wears the Crown his Fathers wore;
 Him whom the *Gauls* with ardent Zeal adore.
 How o'er the Mind his Empire to maintain,
 Him now I might have told, and how to Reign.
 That Prince and People, of thy Rules possess,
 May they in him, and he in them be blest.

Perhaps he to the gentle Muse wou'd lend
A gracious Ear, and to her Song attend.

But what Stupidity my Mind has seiz'd,

Why shou'd I fancy he'll with Songs be pleas'd?

Or will the Mild, the Peaceful Muses hear,

With Arms encompast, and the Noise of War?

For now th' *Iberian*, with Imperious Soul,
Of half the World posselt, demands the whole.

All *Europe* now he rages to subdue,

And nothing we but Arms and Armies view.

The Harp neglected, on the Willow's hung,

And only now the Hostile Bow is strung.

Farewel, *Calliope*! My sacred Fire

Is quench'd, and I awhile must leave the Lyre.

The Time shall come, nor let the Fates delay

The tardy Hour, but wing its welcome way,

When *Spain* shall have her fill of Blood, and cease

Her Fury, found in vain, and sue for Peace.

The Pious Hero, e'en to these, will shew
His Goodness, and forgive the Suppliant Foe.
Then hush'd shall be the Din of War. The Palm
Shall spread, and to the Storm succeed a Calm.
Ambition shall to rest desire, and Fame
The Triumphs of the Muses then proclaim.
Then shall great *Lewis*, Crown'd with Olives, meet
The Tuneful Quire; and here they'll fix their Seat.
He in high Palaces shall place the Nine,
And on the Bards with Royal Favour shine.
How then will Ecchoing Courts resound his Praise,
And gilded Roofs return their Joyous Lays!

But now the Muses, a detested Toil,
Of Arms can only Sing, of Blood and Spoil.
The cruel Causes and Effects of War,
Here Hostile Fleets, and Fighting Armies there,
Here Cities sackt, and others there in Flames,
And spacious Plains enrich'd with Purple Streams.

Where *Celtick* mingled with *Iberian* Blood,
For twenty Suns have swell'd the gulfy Flood.
The Theam alternate Wasse can only be,
Alternate Triumph, or by Land or Sea.
But then the *Nine* these Slaughters shall forget,
And all their Charming Airs be soft and sweet.
No Martial Verse shall vex the Listning Ear,
Nor fill the Head with Noise, the Heart with Fear.
On Peace, *Euterpe* shall her Notes employ,
The Food of Pleasure, and the Soul of Joy.
Then *Ceres*, fair and free, the fruitful Field
Shall bless, and ev'ry Tree a Treasure yield.
Then swelling Clusters shall the Vineyard load,
And the Fat flow with the fermenting God.
Then the glad Youth our grateful Arts shall try,
And clasp their beauteous Brides with honest Joy.
Hymen shall often fill the Lover's Arms,
And Charming Boys preserve their Parents Charms.

So when against the Gods the Gyants rose,
And *Jove* in Battel met his daring Foes ;
When by his Lightning huge *Typhæus* fell,
And Headlong *Cæus* follow'd him to Hell.
When Proud *Enceladus* was blasted hurl'd,
From the bright Verge of yon *Empyrean* World.
Whole Heav'n, to celebrate the Joy, requires
Th' *Aonian* Nymphs to Tune their Golden Lyres.
The sacred Sisters strike the trembling Strings,
And all *Olympus* with loud *IO's* Rings.
Immortal Quiet to the Skies restor'd,
Ambrosian Dishes spread the Chrystal Board.
Around the sparkling Nectar freely flows,
And glad each Deity and gamefome grows.
Love claps his wanton Wings to crown the Feast,
And ev'ry Goddess by her God's Careft.



So when against the Gods the Giants rose,

And Jove in Battle met his daring Foes;

When by his lightning huge Typhoeus fell,

And Headlong Cæus follow'd him to Hell.

When Pious Eurystheus was blasted hurl'd

From the bright Verge of yon Elysian World.

Whole Heav'n, to celebrate the Joy, requires

The Mæonian Nymphs to Tune their Golden Lyres.

The sacred Sifters strike the trembling Strings,

And all Olympus with loud Joys Rings.

Immortal Quiet to the Skies restor'd,

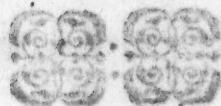
Ambrasian Dishes spread the Crystal Board.

Around the sparkling Nectar freely flows,

And glad each Deity and gamester grows.

Love claps his wanton Wings to crown the Feast,

And ev'ry Goddess by her Gods is caress'd.



PÆDOTROPHIÆ:

OR, THE

Art of Bringing up

CHILDREN.

In THREE BOOKS.

PADOTROPHIAE.

OR THE

Art of Bringing up

CHIREN.



In Three Books



PÆDOTROPHIÆ:

OR, THE

Art of Bringing up Children.

BOOK I.



HO, Sacred Nymphs, you're free from
fond Desires,

And feel no Flame but pure Immor-
tal Fires ;

Tho' Virgin Pleasures are your sole Employ,

And never can you know the Marriage Joy,

Nor,

Nor, when the smiling Infant's born, can prove
 A Parent's pious Care, a Mother's Love;
 Ye *Nine*, who haunt the sweet *Aonian* Spring,
 You I invoke, nor dare, without you, Sing.
 A Theam proportion'd to my Strength I chuse,
 A Child's the Subject of my humble Muse.
 While from the Cradle, I, in lowly Lays,
 Teach how to feed the Babe, and how to raise,
 'Till its loose Joints are knit, its Art'ries strong,
 And the grown Youth forbids my forward Song.
 Thou by whose Genial Heat all Nature lives,
 And Grace and Vigour from thy Beams receives,
 Thy Vital Warmth into my Verse infuse,
 My Labours crown, and animate the Muse.
 Thee *Phæbus*, Father of the tuneful Throng,
 Accept my willing Vow, and own my Song.

Perhaps, I may attempt a loftier Strain,
 When Discord o'er the *Celts* no more shall reign;

When

When forth Great *Henry* shall their Armies lead,
 And in far Realms their dreadful Ensigns spread.
 What Poet, when his Country bleeding lies,
 Wou'd aim at Praise, and on her Ruin rise?
 Who when her Sons her fair Possessions spoil,
 Wou'd with their Guilt his honest Verse defile.
 But whether, *Henry*, thou'lt the *Turk* subdue,
 And o'er the *Hellepont* his Hosts pursue;
 Whether thou'lt bind the Captive *Moor* in Chains,
 And level with the Earth his Impious Fanes;
 My Muse shall follow thy Victorious Sword,
 Attend thy Triumphs, and thy Fame Record.
 Thy Conqu'ring Lillies thou wilt ne'er display,
 Thro' curst Ambition, and the Lust of Sway.
 Thy Bosom burns with a diviner Fire,
 And all thy glorious Acts to Heav'n aspire;
 The barb'rous, unbelieving World to tame,
 And force 'em to confess the Christian Name,

Break

Nor, when the smiling Infant's born, can prove
A Parent's pious Care, a Mother's Love;
Ye *Nine*, who haunt the sweet *Aonian* Spring,
You I invoke, nor dare, without you, Sing.
A Theam proportion'd to my Strength I chuse,
A Child's the Subject of my humble Muse.
While from the Cradle, I, in lowly Lays,
Teach how to feed the Babe, and how to raise,
'Till its loose Joints are knit, its Art'ries strong,
And the grown Youth forbids my forward Song.
Thou by whose Genial Heat all Nature lives,
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Break

Break the lewd League that has so long defy'd
 The Living God, who for our Ransom dy'd,
 The Muse shall on thy distant Conquests wait,
 And thy great Deeds to future Times relate.
 Old *Jordan* then his drooping Head shall raise,
 And *Syrian* Hills resound the Victor's Praise.
 From *Idumean* Woods thy Fame shall ring,
 And Bards unborn thy deathless Glory Sing.

Of Infant Cares an Infant Muse shou'd write,
 And mine must from the Cradle take her flight.
 How Pregnant Wives their future Babes shou'd breed
 I teach, and how, when born, their Infants feed.

To thee my Labours, I address, my Spouse!
 The dear Companion of my Nuptial Vows,
 Thee my first Wish, the Treasure of my Heart,
 Whate'er I know, I must to Thee impart.
 Since thou hast blest me with a Father's Joy,
 And crown'd our Wishes with a lovely Boy,

Back

Since

Since still thy Branches like the Vines may spread,
 And with new Fruit enrich the Genial Bed.
 Learn how to Nurse the Pledges of our Love,
 And by the Father's Art the Mother's Care improve.
 Left when our Souls shall from the Body fly,
 Reject this Lower World, and reach the Sky,
 No Son our Death, nor Pious Daughter mourn,
 Nor, weeping, water our Neglected Urn.
 The Parent first of Men and Gods revere,
 And grateful Off'rings to his Altars bear.
 The Seed in Nature's fruitful Bed he bound,
 Nor suffer'd it to rot in Steril Ground.
 The promis'd Comfort of our joyless Years,
 The Band which ev'n the Nuptial Band endears,
 We to the Great Creator's Goodness owe,
 Praise, Thou, the Spring from whence our Blessings
 Then dread no cruel Season to destroy, [flow.
 The growing Fruit, and blast our future Joy.

Sweet

Sweet *Zephirs* on their fragrant Wings shall bear
 A healing Balm, and Heav'n be always fair,
 The Helpless Babe will long thy Vigils want,
 To water with thy Paps the thriving Plant,
 'Twas a *Sage* said it, and the Saying's good,
 The Mother's Milk's the only wholesome Food.
 Large Meals upon the Sucking Babe bestow,
 And freely let the Snowy Fountains flow.
 This Nature of the faithful Nurse requires,
 And thus to feed her Young, the Dam inspires.
 While the warm Womb the Genial Seed contains,
 And without Form the future Birth remains.
 Then the Twin Paps the sacred Nectar breed,
 And swell with Food, the coming Child to feed.
 When Born, it restless in the Cradle lies,
 And streins its little Nerves with melting Cries.
 If then the cruel Mother wou'd restrain
 The flowing Currents, they return with Pain.

From

From the same Seed of which the *Fætus* grows,
 Proceeds the Spring from whence this Liquor flows.
 The Mother's Spirits thro' the Child diffuse,
 And greedily it sucks the Kindred Juice.
 So kind is Nature in her grateful Food,
 Life's fed with Life it self, and Blood with Blood.
 From Hers it circles thro' its little Veins,
 And growing Strength in ev'ry Part maintains.
 Have you not heard it in the Cradle cry,
 And seen the ready Nurse to feed it, fly?
 How soon it Laughs to see the swelling Breast,
 Siezes the Nipple, and returns to Rest?
 From its own Springs it all its Wants supplies,
 And Bathing in its proper Waters lies;
 While in the darksome Womb unborn it lay,
 And ne'er had yet beheld the chearful Day:
 Ev'n then the kindly Juice its wants supply'd,
 And fill'd its Veins; or thus unborn 't had dy'd.

O'er the white Glands the Crimson Currents flow,
Leave the deep Red, and turn to Liquid Snow.

The Colour and the Name of Milk it gains,
But still the thing's the same, the Blood remains.

As when the sweaty Smith his Work prepares,

And *Vulcan* fits the fatal Steel for *Mars*;

When in the Forge the Sooty Sulphur burns,

The Colour varies, and to Red it turns.

But if the Work a fainter Flame requires,

And sprinkled Waters quench the rapid Fires,

Again 'tis Black, and tho' it kept its Name,

The Substance was unchang'd, the Coal the same.

Well suits the colour of the Milk, the Child,

White as its Innocence, and Undeas'd.

Its Infant Mouth like Beasts it shou'd not stain

With Gore obscene, nor live upon the Slain:

Lest the curst Savour of so foul a Feast

Shou'd give him, with the Food, the Nature of a Beast.

The

The Bear that on the *Northern* Mountains dwells,
The Tygres that in *Lybian* Desarts yells.

The fiercest of the Forrest Herds, are pleas'd
With their rude Paps, their Savage Young to feast.

Art thou, oh Woman! fiercer? canst thou bear
To see thy Infant's Tears, its Cries to hear?

Art thou unmov'd and stupid at its Moan?

Its Being is thy Gift, its Blood thy own.

Wilt thou the Fruit which thou brought'st forth de-

Ah, Cruel Mother! ah, Unhappy Boy! [stroy?

What Pleasure may'st thou take to see it smile,

To mark its Ways, e'er Age has taught it Guile?

And when its Tongue begins to break its Way,

How sweet to hear it lisp, and see it play?

Wilt thou to others leave this pleasing Care,

Still to look Young, and keep thy Bosom fair?

Blest be the Mother who abhors such Charms,

And breeds her Infant in her Parent Arms.

M 2

Whom

Whom only Nature's just Affections move,
Who always to her Duty joins her Love.

Thou, who art happily thus well inclin'd,
To whom kind Heav'n has giv'n a pity'ng Mind;
Who with thy proper Paps thy Child wilt feed,
Learn of the Muse, and may thy Pains succeed.
Don't, 'till 'tis Born, defer thy Pious Care;
Begin betime, and for its Birth prepare.
By Signs thou may'st a late Conception know,
As when the Monthly Tides forbear to flow.
Thy snowy Breasts, a sure Prefage, will swell,
And loosen'd Girdles Pregnant Mothers tell.
Due Labours on the *Fœtus* then bestow,
Forward its Growth, if thou wou'dst have it grow.
Left by your fatal Negligence, or Scorn,
It Rots e'er Ripe, and Dies before 'tis Born.

Loosen, as soon as you've conceiv'd, the Lace,
And use your Girdle to a wide Embrace.

Don't,

Don't, for a Shape, the Babe Unborn intomb;
And kill it, like *French* Mothers, in the Womb.

Its Strength and Beauty will, if Born, be spoil'd,
And you your self be punish'd in the Child;
'Tis well, if you are well, and ill, if ill;
And in the Womb's affected by your Will.

'Tis pleas'd with all things that the Mother please,
Pain'd when she's pain'd, when she's at Ease, at Ease.

While to that darksome Prison 'tis confin'd,

Be careful of your Body, and your Mind.

When the Mind's sick, the Body is the same,

The Soul within affects the Outward Frame.

The Faculty of Nature it diverts,

She leaves her Office, and her Posts deserts.

Whence an ill Habit and crude Juices rise,

Life's Band is broken, and the Patient dies.

Conquer the burning Fever of Desire,

Nor waste thy Spirits with immoderate Fire.

Let neither Grief, nor Fear, nor boundless Joy,
The Peace and Vigour of thy Mind destroy.
Live, if thou canst, at Ease, and void of Care,
And neither riot in thy Sleep, nor spare.
Refresh thy weary Limbs with sweet Repose,
And when fatigu'd thy heavy Eye-lids close.
But never let thy Slumbers last too long,
Enough is right, but all beyond it wrong.
As Rest from Labour, Labour flies from Rest,
And with their mutual Helps they both are blest.
Yet Sleep too much Indulg'd besets the Brains,
And fills with Vicious Blood the Stagnant Veins.
Ill Humours it creates, and by its Weight
Suppresses and consumes the living Heat.
Hast thou not seen the noxious Vapours rise
From standing Waters, and obscure the Skies?
But the pure Streams which o'er the Pebbles pass,
Shine in the Gold, and Tempt you in the Glass.

Be careful then by Exercise to keep
 A stock of Health, supply'd by gentle Sleep.
 Motion, and Heat by Motion got, will cure
 Gross heavy Ails, and keep the Body pure.
 Nature of all contracted Filth they drein,
 And lessen at the Birth the Mother's Pain.
 Motion, obstructed Passages will clear,
 And work the Babe a Way to breath in Air.
 By too much Labour you your Strength may break,
 Light be your Exercise, your Motion weak.
 From hence you are deny'd the nimble Dance,
 So much affected by the Fair of *France*.
 The Wife, the Widow, ev'ry Rank and Age,
 With a vile Passion for this Pleasure rage.
 Perhaps it might not be so much a Crime,
 When Modesty prevail'd, in ancient Time.
 The *Sabin* Women, whether Grave or Gay,
 Were still Discreet, and Wise, at Work or Play.

But now the frisking Nymphs, with Madness seiz'd,
Dance as if drunk, and Play as if possest.
Their Fury such, and such the Noise they make,
Like *Bacchanals* the beaten Ground they shake;
As when of old the trembling Earth they trod
In Measur'd Rounds, to please the Lustful God;
When their lewd Songs to *Priapus* they sung,
And Groves Obscene with sounding Cymbals rung.
They Frisk, they Caper, off their Garments fly,
And Naked Beauties tempt the wanton Eye.
Heated, and Heating, thus they Kifs, Embrace,
And scarce contain their Lewdness on the Place.
Where's now the Matron's Blush, the Maiden's Shame?
You feed Desire, and fan the fatal Flame.
Be your own Safety, and your Child's your Care,
And curb your Wishes then, ye Teeming Fair!
For Love, whene'er it craves above its due,
Spoils all, and what you've done you'll thus undo.

Her

Her Suitors thus *Penelope* abus'd,
And what she bound by Day, by Night she loos'd;
Love's fierce Embrace the tender *Fœtus* kills,
And the hot Womb with new Confusion fills.
The cruel Mother, for her horrid Crime,
Brings forth the Burthen, e'er the promis'd Time.
Such sure was her Desert; but how hadst thou
Poor Babe, deserv'd it, who no Guilt didst know?
Guilt and the World to thee alike unknown,
From her to merit this, what hadst thou done?
Perhaps, for who can Chance's Pow'r confine?
The World's unbounded Empire had been thine.
In Nature's Secrets thou might'st far have gone,
And Travell'd by thy Studies with the Sun.
By Arts or Arms have purchas'd deathless Fame,
Who now hast ne'er a Being, ne'er a Name.
Think, cruel Mother, what thou hast destroy'd,
Think what he might have been, and thou enjoy'd.

The

The great Creator's beauteous Image, he,
The fair Creation's Lord ; his Murd'rer thee ;
Whatever marches on the solid Land,
Or flies in Ambient Air's at his Command.
His is whatever in the Waters dwells ;
From all he claims Subjection, or compells.
And wilt thou not, what lies in thee, maintain
His Being, give him Life, and fix his Reign?

First then, be careful how your Meats you chuse,
And chosen well, with Moderation use.
With too much Food your Stomach ne'er oppress,
And let it as 'tis richer, be the less.
A weak Digestion can't a Burthen bear,
And to your Stomach always suit your Fare.
When weaker, weaker Diets will be best
When stronger, it will stronger Meats digest.
Food, or too Raw, too Bitter, or too Salt,
Forbear, 'tis hurtful, and its Use a Fault,

For

For the plump Partridge lay the latent Snare,
 Nor the young Pigeon, nor the Chicken spare.
 Nor do I Lamb, or Veal's soft Flesh forbid,
 Nor the fat Haunches of a tender Kid.
 If for Variety you'd change your Dish,
 Regale your Appetite with wholesome Fish,
 What in clear Brooks, and running Streams you take,
 Not the gross Product of the muddy Lake.
 Mix Water with your Wine to quench your Thirst,
 And never let the last exceed the first.
 Fruits, Herbs, and Sallads, when the Body's dry,
 The want of Moisture will as well supply.
 In these be sparing, for the frequent Use
 May to crude Humours turn the cooling Juice.
 But Teeming Women, when Desire grows strong,
 Are apt for ev'ry thing they see to Long.
 Sand, Chalk, and Dirt, their Appetite provoke,
 The Hearth's black Ashes, and the Chimney's Smoke.
 Nay,

Nay, once I saw a Pregnant Wife devour
 A living Chick, and lick its reeking Gore :
 Cackling she seiz'd it, in the flut'ring Brood,
 And tore its Flesh alive, and suck'd its Blood;
 Bones, Feathers, Garbidge in her Mouth were seen,
 And Putid Clotts defil'd her Breasts obscene.

Thus the young Lion's dreadful Dam devours
 Her Prey, when o'er the *Lybian* Plains she scow'rs;
 She tears the bleeding Herd with griping Claws,
 And stains with clotted Gore her horrid Jaws.

Say, Father *Phæbus*, whence this Rage proceeds,
 What hidden Cause this bloody Fury breeds.

For thou canst tell me, why the Teeming Wife
 Longs, and endangers, if deny'd, her Life.

Say, what can this Voracious Hunger cure,
 And save the Mother from this Meal impure.

You, who are vers'd in *Esculapian* Arts,
 To whom the God his Healing Pow'r imparts ;

From

From whom no Secret is in Nature hid,
Don't to the Sacred Bard his Fanes forbid.
We, both, *Apollo's* Inspiration feel,
He teaches me to Sing, and you to Heal.
Whatever grows on Earth, whatever lives,
Whate'er its Life from Vital Seed receives;
Food still requires, and still must have Supplies,
Or it soon Sicken, Languishes, and Dies.
Thus Nature nourishes the growing Plants,
Thus she supplies their Vegetable Wants,
She pregnates in her Womb the spreading Root,
Whence the Sap rises which creates the Fruit:
By which the Leafy Greens the Fields adorn,
The fragrant Flow'rs and shady Trees are born.
But Animals by Instinct are inclin'd
To Motion, and from Mother Earth disjoin'd.
No Place for them is fix'd, their Growth to feed,
And elsewhere they must seek the Food they need.

Their

Their Belly for a Magazine is made,
 Where daily gather'd Food in Store is laid.
 These Outward Helps their living Strength create,
 And prop with fresh Supports their failing State.
 Thence to all Parts their winding Veins are led,
 And all with Sap from them like Roots are fed.
 These constant Aid to needy Life afford,
 By these, when she's fatigu'd, she's still restor'd.
 Ne'er tir'd themselves, the lab'ring Paunch they drein,
 And when Replete, they leave it void again.
 Its vital Juice incessantly they draw
 From the full Stomach, and if empty, gnaw;
 And a new Store must fill the craving Maw.
 Soon the whole Body feels the same Desires,
 The whole it with the Lust of Food inspires.
 Shou'd an ill Appetite its Thirst enflame,
 If bad the Food, the Blood will be the same.

Shou'd

Shou'd a vile Image from without produce
 The vicious Lust, then vile will be the Juice.
 Nature, to nurse the *Fætus*, stops the Blood,
 Conception causes soon a refluent Flood.
 'Till thrice the *Moon* has run her Silver Race,
 The Current stoppt, the Tides o'ercharge the Place;
 'Till then the *Fætus* can't the Stores consume,
 And Upwards mounts the rest for want of Room.
 The Stomach it with Noxious Juice offends,
 And with it a Malignant Lust ascends.
 Thro' flow'ry Meadows thus the *Glanio* glides,
 And seeks the Sea, but meets with adverse Tides.
 Back to its Source, the Current they repel,
 And the forc'd Waters in the Channel swell; [Plains,
 Break down the Banks, o'erwhelm the Neighb'ring
 And with black Mud those flow'ry Meadows stains.
 So when ill Humours in the Stomach throng,
 Desire's deprav'd, and Teeming Women long.

From

From whence they into that Distemper fall, b'uod
 The *Greeks* call'd *Citta*, and we *Pica* call.
 The three first *Moons* they burn with this Desire,
 And often hateful, hurtful Food require.
 Yet tho' their Appetite be thus defil'd,
 The Mother cross'd, she surely Marks the Child.
 The spotted Boy her former Lust declares,
 And ever on his Flesh the Stains he wears.
 But what we never can enough admire,
 While she's subjected to this Lewd Desire.
 Whatever Part she scratches, Hand or Face,
 She surely Marks the Infant in that Place.
 Indelible's the Spot the Mother leaves,
 For which in vain the growing Daughter grieves.
 Unseemly Speckles on her Face remain,
 Or Moles the Beauty of her Body stain.

Say Muse, and nothing from the World conceal,
 But what has been to thee reveal'd, Reveal,

The

The Cause of these surprizing Ills declare,
 Which in such various Shapes deform the Fair.
 When the strong Image of the thing desir'd,
 Works in that Breast, which with this Lust is fir'd,
 The Soul's with nothing else but that possess'd,
 And on the Blood 'tis with the Touch impress'd.
 While latent in the Womb the Infant lies,
 The Mother's Blood its little Veins supplies;
 Each Part's alike affected, and the whole
 Awhile is acted by the Mother's Soul;
 But his the softer Skin, the soonest takes
 The strong Impression of her Wish like Wax.

Ye Pregnant Mothers, who these Mischiefs fear,
 The Muses Lessons, to avoid 'em, hear.
 If to the Rules of Virtue you restrain
 Your Wish, indulge it, and your Wish obtain.
 If Lovers Joys your longing Breasts enflame,
 The fierce Desire, by conqu'ring Reason, tame.

N

Else

The

Else with your raging Appetite comply,
 And teeming, nothing to your selves deny.
 For when you Eat the grateful Food, you'll find
 The Body Infl'enc'd by the joyful Mind.
 In ev'ry Part the Natural Heat revives,
 Ill Humours thence, and young Diseases drives,
 And Grace and Vigour to the Body gives. }
 This very Longing oft the Stomach scow'rs,
 And cuts the Phlegm by Bitters or by Sow'rs.
 When with contracted Filth 'tis grown impure,
 To Long, may be both the Disease and Cure.
 The Lemon and the fragrant Orange use,
 Nor Capers spare, nor bitter Olive's Juice.
 For Sow'rs and Bitters Women mostly crave,
 And what they wish, of either, let 'em have.
 When ill, the want of Physick they'll supply,
 But don't, ye Wives, upon your selves rely.
 Consult the Learn'd Physician, take advice,
 And Quacks and Womens idle Tales despise.

By Sow'rs and Bitters you'll your Stomachs clear,
And may in Time expect the Fruit you bear.

Your Hour approaching, to *Latona* cry,
And let a Midwife for your Help be nigh.

Your Labour let her aid, and both take Care
To bring the Child uninjur'd forth, and Fair.

Let her with Hand and Word assist your Throws,
She best your Ills, and how to help 'em, knows.

The Belly 'noint with Oils, and secret Seat
Of Lovers Joys unloose with kindly Heat.

Make clear the Passage for the Child to come
Thro' the streight Channel of the Op'ning Womb.

Whether your Limbs you on a Bed repose,

Or in a Chair expect the Parent Throws,

Ne'er to the fury of the Pain give way ;

For Fear and Weakness will the Birth delay.

If of your self you have so much Command,

Since standing is the proper Posture, stand.

The Child is in a narrow'r Passage torn,
But Fair and Perfect in a wider Born.

You must not, when your Labour's strong, be nice,
But with your utmost Spread expand your Thighs,
Extend your Arms, and urge the Infant's Way,
The sooner he'll behold the Promis'd Day.

Such are the Tortures of the Nuptial Bed,
The Pains are such which to the Joys succeed.

This *Eve's* Ambition on all Mothers drew,
She long'd to know, and this is what she knew.

This she deserv'd, this Righteous Heav'n decreed,
Chastiz'd her thus, and curst the Genial Seed.

The Mighty Maker, He, whose forming Word,
Made Earth, and Air, and Sea, and Man their Lord
For him the lofty Trees, the painted Flow'rs
Were made, for Him were *Eden's* Rosie Bow'rs.

The Woman, happy Man, was form'd for thee,
The Fairest of the fair Creation, she.

The Garden destin'd for their blest Abode,
 Was fitted for their Use, and giv'n by God.
 The chearful Birds there never ceas'd to sing,
 Ne'er ceas'd the Beauties of the chearful Spring.
 Cool was the Shade, and sweet the Balmy Breeze,
 Which curl'd the Silver Streams, and fan'd the Trees.
 Thither the Man was by the Maker led,
 And when he gave him Paradise, he said:

Go thou, our last and greatest Work, possess
 These fruitful Fields, which we, to bless thee, bless
 To thee, whatever they produce, we grant.
 Eat, and supply Deficient Nature's Want.
 But for thy Life, that single Fruit forbear,
 For Death is lodg'd, with Godlike Knowledge there.
 To know both Good and Evil it inspires,
 Which known, will fill thee with impure Desires.
 The Voice then ceas'd; the Parent Pair began
 Their happy Life, and Gods might envy Man,

For all their Bus'ness in the Blissful Grove,
And all their Pleasure, was to Sing, and Love.
His Wishes still were hers, and hers were his,
Pure were their Joys, and Perfect was their Bliss.
No Sickness there was known, nor anxious Care,
Nor Pain, nor Death, nor fear of Death were there.
Their Guiltless Joys were crown'd with lasting Peace,
And equal were their Pleasure, and their Ease:
'Till Hell's dire Lord beheld their blissful State;
And Envy'ng, Envy quickly turn'd to Hate.
The Fury rag'd in his Malignant Breast,
And restless was he 'till he broke their Rest.
Nor mus'd he long before he found the Way;
The Blessing ceases, if they disobey.

As when a Crafty Foe by Fraud wou'd seize
A Castle, which he can't by Arms possess;
The Works about it he with Care surveys,
And turns his Arms against the weakest Place.

The

The Garrison surpriz'd, their Posts forsake,
 And Cunning wins, what Courage cou'd not take.
 So the Fiend try'd the Woman's weaker Will,
 Easie to change, susceptible of Ill ;
 And what she was in *Eden*, she is still.
 His wicked Arts he on the Wife began,
 And in the Woman, first attack'd the Man.
 A Form material for his Fraud he takes,
 And chuses, to conceal his own, the Snake's ;
 Not his who Hisses by *Iberian* Lakes,
 Nor his who from the *Nile's* Corruption springs,
 And with his pois'nous Tongue the Trav'ler stings.
 Hid in the Grass invisible he lay,
 And plac'd his Ambush in the Woman's way.
 Himself into a thousand Folds he roul'd,
 And all his Upper Parts were Spiral Gold.
 He curl'd around the Tree, he rais'd his Head,
 Assum'd a Human Voice, and to our Mother said :

Vain Woman, why dost thou, through slavish Fear,
 To crop and eat this lovely Fruit forbear?
 Canst thou behold its Charms without Desire,
 And durst not to the Good 'twill give aspire?
 For whom did Nature bring it forth but thee,
 And was the Garden giv'n without the Tree?
 He who on you did this fair World bestow,
 He to whose Bounty you your Empire owe;
 Did he your high Prerogative Confine,
 And to a Tree subject your Rights Divine?
 Whatever wings in Air, whatever lives
 In Ocean's Depths, to you he freely gives;
 The Beasts are yours, and why shou'd he deny
 This Fruit, which tempts your Taste, and courts your
 Why does it, if you must not Eat it, grow? [Eye?
 You'll sure offend the less, the more you know.
 Eat, and with him you will in Knowledge vie,
 Eat it and Live, to Know is not to Die.

The

The Jealous Deity its Virtue knew,
And wou'd not share Omniscience with you.
He said, and when he saw the fickle Fair
Embrac'd the Treason, he dissolv'd to Air.

Thus the first Mother, by the Fiend possess'd,
Felt the first Longing in a Female Breast.
She Eat, she glutton'd on the fatal Meat,
And tempted her unwary Lord to Eat.
The same was his Desire, his Sin the same,
And thus came Guilt into the World, and Shame.
Th' Omnipotent enrag'd their Crime beheld,
And justly banish'd 'em the fertile Field:
Thus Man for his Offence was doom'd to Toil,
To cultivate a rude ungrateful Soil.
Daily to labour for his daily Meat,
And for a miserable Being, sweat.
A train of cruel Ills attend their Fall
Pains, Plagues and Death, the hated End of all.

In

In vain the loss of Paradise they mourn,
 In vain look back, for they must ne'er return.
 An Angel, so commands their Vengeful Lord,
 Defends the Ent'rance with a flaming Sword.
 Thro' a thick Cloud his dreadful Voice they heard,
 Whose Presence, conscious of their Guilt, they fear'd.
 Blew Lightnings thro' the Dreary Darknefs broke,
 And Thunders roar'd, while Heav'n offended spoke.

Not they alone, who had his Laws contemn'd,
 Were punish'd, but the future World condemn'd.
 The Children suffer for the Parents Crime,
 And down the Curse was to descend with Time.
 Woman, the Cause of all these mighty Ills,
 For this her Child-bed Throws and Labour feels.
 For this as often as she Teems, she's torn
 With racking Pains, and when the Child is Born,
 For this, the Torments she endures destroy
 The Pleasure of her Hopes to see a living Boy.

PÆDO-



PÆDOTROPHIÆ:

OR, THE
Art of Bringing up Children.

BOOK II.



OW comes, ye Fair! the wish'd, the
dreaded Hour,

Assist the Lab'ring Wife with all
your Pow'r.

The Child is Born, its Life begins, with Cries,
Which call for Succour on the pity'ng Skies.

Some

Some on the Bed the weary'd Woman place,
 Some with warm Wool the chilly Babe embrace.
 The Cradle some, and some the Clouts prepare,
 The Child and Mother claim your equal Care.
 Wash well the Infant's Mouth, and thou, their Guide,
 The faithful Midwife, proper Things provide.
 Cut first the String that to its Body joins,
 And with the Burthen hurts its feeble Loins,
 While in the Womb the quick'ning *Fœtus* lay,
 That Part did Food to all the rest convey.
 'Twas useful e'er its Birth, but now the Child
 Is injur'd by it, and its Beauty soil'd.
 'Tis useleſs now; for ſince he ſaw the Day,
 It feeds, as Nature bids, a better way.
 But leſt too faſt its Vital Spirits fly,
 And with the loſs of Blood the Infant Die;
 Firſt let the Navel with ſoft Wool be bound,
 Then noint with Maſtick and ſweet Mirrh the Wound.

'Twas

'Twas by this Part, as we're in Story told,
 The Twins both Male and Female join'd of Old,
 The Man and Woman there together grew,
 And but one Body made, when Born, of Two;
 The Knot was cut by which their Bodies join'd,
 And each was then as sep'rate as their Mind.
 Each had its proper Limbs and Members free,
 Such Accidents have been, and such may be.
 Nor is it useless to be observe with Care
 The Signs which Infants future Life declare.
 If faint's the Cry with which for Help they call,
 Or if they into Fits are apt to fall;
 From thence the Genial Seed thou may'st conclude
 Was faulty, or was fed with noxious Food.
 Or struggling much an open Air to breath,
 The Mothers take it to presage their Death.
 Thou, Nurse, in swadling Bands the Babe enfold,
 And carefully defend its Limbs from Cold:

If

If Winter, by the Chimney place thy Chair,
 If Summer, then admit the cooling Air.
 Good Cordials give it, such as bear the Name
 Of him whose Glory rival'd *Pompey's* Fame ;
 Who war'd with *Rome*, maintain'd the *Pontick*
 Delay'd her Empire long, and urg'd his own. (Throne,
 Nor is it ill to cheer its Heart with Wine ;
 For of all Cordials, that's the most divine.
 As oft as you observe its Spirits fail,
 Breath on it from your Mouth a Spicy Gale.
 With Cinnamon your healing Breath perfume,
 Or the sweet Odours of *Arabian* Gum.
 Perhaps you may by this its Strength restore,
 For kind's the Cure, and great is Nature's Pow'r.
 If this and nothing else, you do, prevail,
 But more and more its vital Vigour fail ;
 You thence may judge to sudden Death 'tis doom'd,
 And in cold Earth will quickly be intomb'd.

Your

Your Cares to save it are, alas, in vain,
Deluded Hope will then reward your Pain.

But if you find it strong, for nothing spare,
A lusty Boy will crown the Nurse's Care.

Baths, when 'tis born, to wash it well, provide,
And fair 'twill look, and be the Mother's Pride.

Not as we read of *German* Wives of old,
A Nation bred to Labour, and to Cold.

To Arms they from their Childhood were inur'd,
And hard they always liv'd, and much endur'd.

Of these, so barb'rous were their Ways, 'tis said,
They snatch'd the Infant from the Mother's Bed:

And least it shou'd in Hardiness decline,
Plung'd it yet reeking in the frozen *Rhine*.

Their Force on Nature was not less extream,
Than when red Iron's flung into the Stream.

They taught 'em, from their Childhood, to despise
The Frosts and Colds of an inclement Skie.

Thus

Thus hard, like Beasts, their humane Limbs they
Nor were of Weather, nor of Toil afraid. ^{[made}

Such sure as cou'd this horrid Bath survive,
Must from *Caucasean* Rocks their Birth derive.

For such was never made the tender Pap,
Nor the soft Pillow of a Woman's Lap.

Such young, the cruel Tygress claims to breed,
And in her filthy Den such Nurflings feed.

Let none the brutal Custom now obey,
The *Germans* since have learnt a better Way.

By Arts refin'd, and grown by Learning wise,
They the rude Manners of their Sires despise.

If first the Water o'er the Fire you warm,
And wash the Child, your washing does no harm;

Some Herbs into the gentle Bath infuse,
And I, no Judge, shou'd not condemn the Use.

If Hurt the Infant at his Birth receiv'd,
Let his soft Limbs with Roses be reliev'd;

Add

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Add the sweet Camomile to these, and noint
With Oils restorative each feeble Joint.

Then the kind Nurse, with tender Fingers, clears
His Mouth from Filth, and e'en his Eyes and Ears.
Be sure, with special Care, to clear the Doors
Of Life, and free the Passage of the Pores.

Its Limbs benumb'd, grow Supple by degrees,
And then, like Molten Wax, will bend with Ease.
Stroke 'em but softly, make 'em streight and sleek;
They'll keep, when strong, the Form they take when
You may now bring it to a Form divine, [weak.

And make, in his, the Maker's Image shine:

But when in Strength it grows, its Sinews lose
Their pliant Virtue, and your Bend refuse.

Warm from the Womb when first it comes, beware
Lest you should chill its Blood with too much Air;
Harden its tender Skin by slow degrees,

Bring it with Caution to the cooling Breeze;

○

With

With the least Breath of Air at first 'twill quake,
And all its shiv'ring Limbs, like Agues, shake.
As when a *Lybian* tow'rd the Artick past,
He arm'd himself against the Northern Blast;
In double Folds a woolly Vest he wears,
And Burthens on his Back for Cloathing bears.
Thus open Air at first will be too cool,
And you must wrap the Babe in folded Wooll;
Wash it, and in the Water fling the Flour
Of powder'd Salt, to bind the loosen'd Pore;
In Flannel then, and Linnen Clouts; enfold
Its budding Limbs secur'd from nipping Cold.
The Swath in Circles round its Body twine,
And mark the Distance by an equal Line;
Nor longer from its Rest the Infant keep,
The Cradle waits it, and it cries for Sleep.
But since, by Dreams and fancy'd Shades, we find
An empty Stomach makes a roving Mind;

Since

Since pleasant Rest from gnawing Hunger flies,
 And a full Body fastens heavy Eyes ;
 Feed well the Child, and in the Food take heed,
 That what he eats, shall rather purge than feed.
 The wholesomest and best is what the Bees
 Suck from the blowing Flow'rs and blooming Trees ;
 Not *Hybla* Hives, nor fair *Hymettus* yield
 Such Honey as our fam'd *Narbonian* Field ;
 Nor the rich Canes which *Indian* Springs produce,
 Can boast so pleasant, and so sweet a Juice ;
 So fair the Colour, and the Taste so fine,
 No Sugar is so sweet, no Nectar so divine.
 Its Body purg'd, the Cradle is requir'd,
 To rest its weary Limbs with Labour tir'd,
 And while it rests, it must not be forgot ;
 Too cold you shou'd not keep it, nor too hot ;
 The vital Spirits too much Heat exhales,
 And Rheumy Colds are got where Cold prevails.

Extreams in all our Conduct are Abuse,
 And best the Mean, which Women seldom chuse ;
 But they are most in Nursing apt to err,
 And combat with the Cold with too much Care.
 A thousand Ills from Heats immod'rate spring,
 The Sinews they unnerve, the Nerves unstring.
 As soon as born the wretched Infant dies,
 And with vain Shrieks the childless Mother cries.

When *Francis*, high in Fame, some Ages since,
 With *Brute's* fierce Race, as a victorious Prince,
 Who heirless long the Ducal Crown had worn,
 Saw to his House a wish'd Successor born,
 What was the Parents, what the Peoples Joy,
 And what the Promise of the Princely Boy?
 There where the *Loire* his winding Current spreads,
 And swells his Silver Waves on oozy Beds,
 Where *Angier's* spiral Pride and gilded Fanes
 O'erlook the neigh'bring Flood and flow'ry Plains ;
 Where,

Where, with loud Tides, he makes his rapid way,
 Eager to end his Course, and meet the Sea;
 With flaming Myrrh the crowded Temples smoak'd,
 And Heav'n, to help the Babe, the Priests invok'd:
 The loaded Shrines the Father's Joy declare,
 His Joy, the People, and his Blessing share,
 The Dutchy has a Prince, the Duke an Heir. }
 With flatt'ring Hopes the Parents Breasts were fill'd,
 They thought themselves immortal in the Child :
 But who of human Things too much shou'd boast?
 They strove to save it by the Means they lost.
 With over-heat the living Sap was dry'd,
 And with Excess of Care the Princely Infant dy'd.
 They forc'd Life's Moisture thro' the Pores to sweat;
 And saving it from Cold, they kill'd with Heat.
 The Soul is from the wither'd Body flown,
 And with it all their flatt'ring Hopes are gone.

No Female can by *Salick* Customs reign,
No Heir but Female to their House remain;
A lovely Nymph, who shall in time be led,
To bless with Heirs some foreign Prince's Bed;
For their's has lost, by stifling Heat destroy'd,
The Life and Crown it might have long enjoy'd.
Sufficient Rest sufficient Sap supplies,
Kindly in Sleep the vital Juices rise:
But want of Rest corrupts the Infant's Blood,
And Rest's a Stranger to the boyling Flood.
Thus dy'd the Princely Babe; the Parents Cries
Pursu'd the flying Soul, and pierc'd the Skies.
Old Ocean in the neighb'ring Depths enthron'd,
His Death beheld; and when he saw it, groan'd.
The Father's Sighs, the Mother's Shrieks he hears,
And his hard Heart dissolves in friendly Tears.
Weeping around his subject Isles he rode,
And the Isles wept, infected by the God.

The

The *British* Nymphs the publick Lofs deplore,
 And vex with loud Laments th' *Armorick* Shore.
 In Songs the Mourning Beauties bless the Dead,
 'Till thus the fairest of the Mourners said,
 Why is the Grief that in your Looks appears?
 Why flow these Rivers with your fruitless Tears?
 Know ye not, Sisters, that by Heav'ns just Will,
 Great Good oft rises from the greatest Ill:
 That, if the Fates are friendly, from these Sighs
 May Songs of Joy and future Triumph rise.
 Far may, by this, th' *Armorick* Glory reach,
 To *Adria's* Gulph our wat'ry Empire stretch.
 Time on his Wings a happy Hour shall bring,
 Which joins our Princess to a Mighty King.
 The lovely Bride a Royal Bed shall grace,
 And *France* to *Bretagne* give a Sister's Place.
Valois high Blood in *British* Channels run,
 And *Gaul* be govern'd by her warlike Son.

From him shall Kings, for Arms and Arts renown'd,
Descend; and Fame their Glorious Acts resound.
Like *Cæsar*'s shall their Glory be; and they,
Like *Cæsar*, o'er the World extend their Sway.
Armorica the Fame of *France* shall share,
As happy be in Peace, as great in War.
What need she grieve from Sov'reign Pow'r to fall,
Or Dotal *Breton* blush to serve a *Gaul*?
She said, the Mourning Nymphs forgot their Cares,
And glad grew ev'ry Maiden Heart, like hers.
While the poor Prince's Infant Beauties fade,
And soon is all the Grace of Life decay'd:
As in the Spring we see the drooping Flow'rs
Fall in their Bloom, oppress'd by frequent Show'rs.
Thou Mother, to prevent such cruel Woes,
Restore the weary'd Babe with soft Repose;
And while it sleeps, do thou to Rest give way,
To ease the Labours of the Parent Day;

And

And when it wakes, and crying calls for Food,
Give it thy Breast, for thine is only good.

Thou safely may'st a plenteous Meal afford,
But ne'er, unless thou art thy self restor'd.

If Health and Strength permit thee, don't refuse
The Child thy Nipple; nor another's use:

If to the Babe thou dost thy own deny,
Ill, will a venal Pap its Wants supply;

Ill, will the Bus'ness by that Nurse be done,
Who for another's Child neglects her own.

Yet, if thou'rt sickly, if thy Spirits fail,
If the Child's touch'd with any catching Ail,

This Duty, whether hated or desir'd,
Ceases, and 'tis no more of thee requir'd.

Then not to Suckle, is not to neglect,
But chuse a Nurse, and I'll thy Choice direct.

A middle Age is best, nor Old nor Young,
Fresh be her Colour, and her Body strong;

Active

Active and Healthy let her be, and Clean;
In Flesh, not over Fat, nor over Lean;
Long be her Neck, and broad her snowy Chest;
Her Arms of full Extent, and Plump her Breast.
Let on each Pap a ruddy Nipple bud,
And the Twin-Hillocks strut with vary'd Blood.
The Babe's delighted with a flowing Feast:
The sweetest and the whitest Milk is best.
If 'tis of an ungrateful Smell, be sure
Those Fountains to avoid, for they're impure.
Or if it sticks, when by the Finger try'd,
'Tis bad; nor shoud it thence too swiftly glide.
She must not with a late Conception Teem,
Nor of the marriage Joy, forgotten, dream.
And as the Birth should not too long be past,
She should not lately have her Burthen cast.
Perhaps you'll put it out, and cannot bear
To have it always crying in your Ear:

This

This way, I own, is of the two the worse,
 I rather in the House wou'd have the Nurse.
 If out it goes, you should at least take care
 To place it in a healthy proper Air.
 Avoid the standing Pool, the filthy Bog,
 Nor let it suck, when Young, the Fenny Fog.
 For if the Air is thick, and Vapours rise,
 They form for tender Babes malignant Skies.
 Nor should you in a House your Infant place,
 Unpierc'd by cooling Winds and warming Rays.
 Let not high Hills the cleanly Cot surround,
 Nor misty be the Air, nor miry be the Ground.
 Dry let it stand, and let the rising Day
 With his first Beams upon the Windows play.

But whether Nurse or Mother has the Charge,
 They neither are allow'd to live at Large:
 From Love and Wine they must alike abstain,
 No Labour grieve their Limbs, no Care their Brain.

They

They neither must indulge themselves in Sloth,
 For moderate Exercise agrees with both.
 The Garden to frequent, and flowry Green,
 Is good for Nurses when the Sky's Serene:
 There let 'em suck the *Zephir's* rising Balm,
 Their Fast unbroken, when the Morning's calm.
 Nor should they, if their Time permits, refuse
 Some little Services about the House:
 To bare their cleanly Arms and knead the Bread,
 To make their own, and oft another's Bed:
 To comb the Flax, or else the virgin Fleece;
 What Shame, what Hurt in such Employments these?
 When from the Child your empty'd Paps you hide,
 Or when you Work, or other Food provide,
 Wash off the Filth that may your Nipples stain,
 Let nothing to offend its Taste remain.
 Milk always on the Ground your Breasts; the worst
 Of all your liquid Store is what comes first.

For

For as 'tis far remov'd from Life's warm Seat,
So small's its mixture of the living Heat.
Fling off the uselefs and corrupted Juice,
And teach the Child the Nipple's frequent use.
From the twin Fountains let the Nectar flow,
Greedy he'll suck, and to your Bosom grow.
First with weak Lips the swelling Breast he'll pull;
Help him, and squeeze it 'till his Belly's full.
But let him not be glutt'd with the Feast,
A medium in the flowing Meal is best.
Sometimes deny the Nipple, sometimes grant;
But too much wat'ring drowns the sprouting Plant.
Check him when he's too eager of the Breast,
And for a while delay the milky Feast.
Thus did of old the *Rhodian* Sportsmen balk,
And *Cretan* Hunters check the hungry Hawk:
They shew'd him Food, and what they shew'd refus'd;
They gave, deny'd, and thus to feed 'twas us'd,

Left

Left at one swallow he the Meal might eat,
 And gorge himself with the untasted Meat.
 To the Child's Age and Health adapt its Food,
 For all things mayn't to all alike be good.
 If weak in Health, be sparing in the Meal;
 If strong its Constitution, feed it well.
 You must not in the Month the Portion give,
 As when 'tis older, for with less 'twill thrive.
 The Hours for Suckling it I do not fix,
 Nature in that must guide the nursing Sex.
 When by its Cries it calls you, do not spare
 Your Labour, nor be loath your Breast to bare.
 Since with the Breast he must not long be fed,
 His growing Teeth prepares his Age for Bread.
 For when eight Moons have run their wonted Race,
 The fluid to the solid Meal gives place.
 Alternate be his Food, but have regard
 To his young Days; nor be it strong nor hard:

For heavy Meals, that don't with ease digest,
May raise a Tumult in his tender Breast.

And if his Veins are over-charg'd with Blood,
Clog'd are the Spirits by the clammy Flood,
And his whole Frame disorder'd by the Food.

Things which are pleasant to the Taste, and sweet,
To all are hurtful, if too much they eat.

When Nature's with the grateful Relish pleas'd,

And with a fatal Lust of Eating seiz'd,

She greedily the glutted Stomach drains,

And fills with pois'nous Blood the loaded Veins.

Sweet things to Choler turn, and Worms are bred

In such as on their Sweets unbounded fed:

Nature's the same in all, she seldom weighs

What's just and true, or in the middle stays.

But Children most, when they such Dainties meet,

Feed without Bounds, and, while they can, they eat.

For

When

When the Child's Diet shou'd be chang'd, I chuse
What most resembles Milk, in Taſt and Uſe.

No good from any thing that's New expect,
Unleſs you know that Newneſs to Correct.

As Phyſick out of Poiſon may be had,

So good may be the Mean, th'Extream be bad.

Broth may be oft and innocently us'd,

And the ſoft Bread that's in the Broth infus'd.

But Pap, the Infant's Diſh, I moſt approve ;

This Nurſes moſt commend, and Children love.

With Milk and Bread the footy Tin they fill,

Stir it together o'er the Fire, and boil.

They try it with a touch, the Spoon they dip,

Blow it, and put it to his craving Lip.

Sometimes the Bread they with a gentle Thumb

Break, and in Broth or elſe with Butter crumb.

As he in Age and Strength of Body grows,

That Strength in time the uſe of Fleſh allows.

Feed

Feed him, when minc'd, to ease the toothless Gum,
Some Meals on Flesh, and at the Nipple some;
His Hunger willingly with both supply,
But ben't deceiv'd, and do not trust his Cry;
For he's not always hungry when he Squalls,
And oft for neither Meat nor Drink he calls.
As when a Pin, which often happens, pricks,
Or Gripes his little Entrails tear, he shrieks.
Be not too fond of feeding him, but spare
The Spoon, nor love to lay your Bosom bare.
Don't you, as Mothers love, with frequent Food,
Above its strength, your Infant's Stomach load.
Thence puking Pains and other Ills arise,
While the crude Burthen undigested lyes.
And thus what Nature meant for Life's Support,
Cuts off his Days, instead of lengthning, short.
Observe due distances between his Meals,
Nor feed him when you find his Belly swells.

Feed

P

If

If you see Blotches rising on his Skin,
They shew the Load that's undischarg'd within.
Perhaps e'en now he'll roar; why, let him roar,
And don't you feed him 'till he wants it more,
'Till Nature has consum'd the present Store.
Let him his Lungs, for Crying's useful, strein,
'Twill purge a heavy or a watry Brain;
The Breast it opens, fans the vital Fire,
And for another Meal creates Desire.
But lest with too much streining he should break
His feeble Art'ries, if he's sick and weak,
Then dandle him, and dance him in your Arms,
Sing him a-sleep, for Songs have always Charms.
The rolling Cradle rock, let ancient Rhyme,
And an old melancholy Tune keep Time.
Tho' you may hush and lull him to Repose,
Mind if he's Sluggish, or is apt to Dose;

Tha

That will soon bring him to a feeble State ;
 Ill Humours breed, and those ill Blood create.
 Wash him a Nights, e'er you the Cradle make,
 He'll sleep the sounder, and the sooner wake.
 Stir him, and toss him, for an Infant's Sloth
 Produces Rickets, and prevents his Growth.
 If to be carry'd, he, by crying, begs,
 Keep him, when he can go, upon his Legs.
 And Prattle to him sometimes, sometimes sing,
 Or to his Ear the tingling Coral ring,
 Nor less to Dandle him and Dance forbear,
 Nor keep him in the House, but give him Air.
 When Western Winds with balmy Wings perfume
 The Fields, and Heav'n invites, who'd stay at Home?
 Shew him the painted Skies, their rolling Fires,
 Tell him who made what he so much admires :
 Teach him betimes to know his mighty Pow'r,
 Betimes their Maker and his own Adore.

But that my Lesson may no Part neglect,
Now when to Wean a Child I must direct.
Yet such, alas! is Man's uncertain State,
What Rules can he prescribe, who's rul'd by Fate?
Chance marrs the Projects which he best contrives,
Eludes his Judgment, and his Hopes deceives.
To me if it was giv'n these Things to guide,
And o'er the Nursling and the Nurse preside;
Two Suns should round the radiant Void be hurl'd,
And twice twelve Moons have Lit their neighb'ring
[World,
E'er the good Nurse the Lover's Joy should know,
Or in her Womb another *Fætus* grow,
Nor should she in that space be sick, nor dye,
For who her Office can like her supply?
But then the sturdy Boy, in Strength encrease,
Can feed as well, and live without the Breast:
Then the strong Stomach stronger Food requires,
And Life flames upward then with stronger Fires.

But

But how, my pretty Infant, wilt thou bear
A Loss that will thy Soul and Body tear?
What Floods of Tears will deluge from thy Eyes?
What Shrieks, what waking Groans and sleeping
As when a Bride, with recent Pleasure blest, [Sighs?
Parts with the Bridegroom from her panting Breast;
She hears the Silver Trumpet sound to Arms,
Thinks of his Youth, and her forsaken Charms,
She sees him buckle on the burnish'd Steel,
Feels ev'ry Wound that he's expos'd to feel;
And when with Plumy Pride away he flies,
She swoons, or rends, with loud Laments, the Skies.
Learn, pretty Infant, learn to bear these Ills,
Who can avoid what the Creator wills?
These, and worse Evils must Mankind endure,
And nothing in his Life but Evil's sure.
On this Condition 'tis he lives, to know
Incessant Weeping, and incessant Woe.

Of this did Heav'n enough your self forewarn,
 With what did you begin your Life when born?
 Can't you remember how your Throat you rent,
 What Cries, presaging these, to Heav'n you sent?
 But for this Ill the Nurse has a Relief,
 The less she's seen, the less will be his Grief.
 By degrees use him to another's Lap,
 And seldom let him see the tempting Pap:
 Some noint their Nipples with ungrateful Gall,
 Some by vile Names the milky Fountains call.
 A thousand ways will careful Nurseries try
 His Relish to disgust, and fright his Eye.
 They other grateful Food provide, and feast
 His craving Thirst with a dissembled Breast.
 The fiery Juice of *Bacchus* is too strong,
 And Water fittest while the Child's so young;
 It easily digests, his Veins 'twill fill
 With cooling Sap, and fev'rish Humours kill.

Now

Now to a Lad the Infant soon will grow,
And a firm Step encreasing Vigour show.
To prattle he begins, at Words he aims,
And learns from you the Things, as well as Names.
Observe to form his Mind to virtuous Ways,
And on a Base of Truth the Structure raise:
Shew him the dang'rous Paths of Vice to shun;
Well ends the Life which is so well begun.
All Ages have their Failings, all their Crimes,
And Youth must be reprov'd and taught betimes.
The Seeds of Vice, which Nature sows, destroy,
And in his Duty well instruct the Boy:
Too forward, check him; drive him, if too slow;
Nor let his Mirth too far, nor Sorrow go.
In your Correction and Reproof be mild,
And when he errs, consider he's a Child:
Use him to gentle Ways; if harsh and rough,
He'll hate both the Reprover and Reproof.

If civil Rage shou'd not disturb my Song,
 I to the Manners may my Theam prolong ;
 To teach you how the growing Boy to breed,
 And how you shou'd instruct, as well as feed.
 This, of the Muse, great *Sealiger* requires,
 Whose Fame's as bright as his heroick Sires,
 With whom I from my Youth have been ally'd
 In Virtue——Virtue is the Muse's Pride.
 When grateful Peace shall be to *France* restor'd,
 And Discord sheath at last her dreadful Sword,
 I to this Theam perhaps may tune my Lyre,
 And once again the Nine, the Bard inspire :
 'Twas they who taught, who tempted me to sing,
 And wash'd me young in the *Pierian* Spring.
 Not one of all the *Gallick* Tuneful Throng,
 Durst ever yet attempt the daring Song.
 For me, if I succeed, the Bays remain,
 But trembling, I shall try so bold a Strein.

What

What Poet wou'd be heard amid the Noise
 Of Arms, and who to Musick tune his Voice?
 As soon as *Charles* the *Celtick* Scepter bore,
 The Scepter was defil'd with *Celtick* Gore.
 From Hell *Typhoe* outrageous sprung,
 And darting from her Jaws her forky Tongue,
 The Breasts of *Myriads* with her Venom stung.
 Confusion all around she spread, and War
 And Ruin rag'd, and I have had my Share.
 The Storm wou'd have it thus, the Course of Things,
 Such is the Curse which Civil Fury brings,
 The Bards forget the Muse's softer Charms,
 Assume the Sword, and shine in impious Arms.
 None tune the Voice, nor strike the speaking Lyre,
 The *Celts* to other Laurels now aspire;
 No Order from the fell Contagion's free,
 No Genius, no Profession, no Degree;

Nor

Nor Age nor Merit can the *Gauls* secure,
But all alike the Woes of War endure.

Some to false Treaties trust, and fraudulent Peace,
Those perish by the Sword, by Treason these,
Sure are our Miseries, and short our Ease.

Thus from the Chrystal Floods of Heav'n there pours
A second Deluge in *Autumnal* Show'rs,

Thick Clouds o'erspread the shining Face of Day,
And hardly can he make his Beamy Way;

If thro' the Gloom a Golden Ray may break,

How short's the Lucid Interval, how weak?

Returning Clouds involve the doubtful Skies,

And hide the Glory from our longing Eyes.

Oh, to what cruel Plagues Mankind are born,

Why is my *Damon* from my Bosom torn?

He who lov'd me, and whom I lov'd so well,

In the fair Bloom of Youth by Discord fell.

Of me he was the sweetest, dearest Part,
 The Pleasure of my Eyes, the Treasure of my Heart.
 But Oh, without me he's for ever flown,
 And all the Joy of Life with *Damon* gone.
 Dost thou not see how Grief has brought me low,
 How my Hairs hoary e'er my Winter grow ?
 For thee I wish, but wish with vain Desire,
 Which wears my Strength, and wastes my vital Fire.
 That Lyre which I for thee was wont to string,
 Is silent now, and I no more can sing.
 But if I e'er shou'd tune my Harp again,
 'Twill never be to Praise, but to complain.
 The Fates for thy untimely Fall to blame,
 And dedicate my Labours to thy Name.
 Losses on Losses I with Patience bore ;
 But losing Thee, I now can lose no more.
 What's now the Waste of War, the Woe to me,
 Since nothing can be worse than losing thee ?

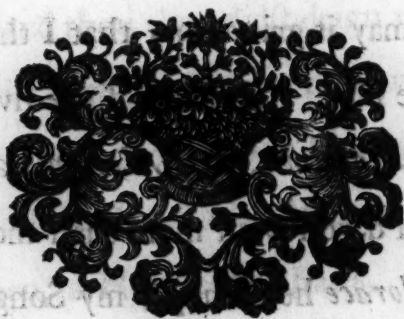
As

As when the Air bemoans, in Winter Show'rs,
 The Earth's lost Honours, and her fading Flow'rs ;
 If one the Glory of the Field remains,
 And its fair Head amid the Storm sustains,
 All Eyes on that are fix'd, its Beauties bring
 The pleasing Image to their Mind of Spring.
 Thus free from our corrupted Age's Crimes,
 Thou help'st the Innocence of Ancient Times.
 High for thy Merit and thy Virtue plac'd,
 And greatly with the Royal Favour grac'd
 Me as thy Friend thou then didst deign to own,
 And plac'dst me near thy self, as thou wast near the
 'Till then I haunted the *Pierian* Floods, [Throne.
 And hid my self in the *Aonian* Woods.
 Useless 'till then, a Novice in Affairs,
 From Publick Bus'ness free, and Publick Cares.
 But useful by thy kind Protection grown,
 I took to both, and try'd the busie Town.

I left my native Woods, my Kindred Swains,
 My long frequented Walks in *Poitou's* Plains.
 Thence my unwilling Household Gods I drew,
 And the dear Shades forlook, to fix with you.
 How sweet it is in native Springs to Bath,
 See an old Home, and tread a Father's Path?
 Me most my Country's Love Delights, and she
 Returns a grateful Tenderneſs to me.
 Oh with what Joy I *Poitier's* Fields ſurvey,
 Where firſt I breath'd in Air, and ſaw the Day;
 And never may it grieve me, that I there
 Saw firſt the Day, and breath'd the living Air.
 Tho' fam'd *Macrinus*, in *Æolian* Lays,
 Has Honour'd you with more than mortal Praise,
 A ſecond *Horace* he, I hope, my Song
 Will not, his Praiſes nor your Honours wrong,
 If Fates are friendly, and my Thread prolong.

But,

But, as a Flatt'rer, I shou'd *France* regard,
Nor trust her when she tells me I'm a Bard.
Yet, whether I frequent th' *Ausonian* Spring,
Or with like Ease by *Celtick* Fountains Sing,
Do thou, Posterity, preserve my Name;
Thou can'st not Flatter, and thy Word is Fame.





PÆDOTROPHIÆ:

OR, THE

Art of Bringing up Children.

B O O K III.



O what Distempers Infants are expos'd,
I'll sing; and when 'tis sung, my Song
is clos'd.

What causes the Disease, what gives Relief,
I'll tell, and to be short, but hint the Chief;

Left

Left Winds should rise, and far into the Sea
The Mariner be driv'n a doubtful way;
On Sands and Shelves by rapid Tides be tost,
And, ign'rant of the dang'rous Shore, be lost.
Thou *Phæbus*, whether on the *Delian* Mount
Thou dwell'st, or dost *Pierian* Valleys haunt;
Whether Divine thou wear'st, or human Shape,
As when coy *Daphne* fled the threaten'd Rape,
Assist thy Son, to me thy self reveal;
For as 'tis thine to sing, 'tis thine to heal.
For thee her Simples, Mother Nature yields,
And vegetative Physick fills the Fields.
Thee, Health thy sweet Companion never leaves,
Nor Care thy Joy, nor Pain thy Pleasure grieves:
Direct the Muse, inspire my willing Breast,
And be not, to be oft invok'd, displeas'd.
See the fond Mothers and the Fathers throng
To hear, and as they hear applaud the Song.

Whom

Whom Love Paternal touch, its use allow,
 And crown with grateful Bays the Poet's Brow,
 God's Image in the Man he strives to save,
 And checks the Rage of the devouring Grave;
 Our Losses to restore by studious Care,
 And the vast Ruins of intestine War,
 While Wrong's confounded by the Great with Right,
 And legal Reason yields to lawless Might;
 Against each other while the People rage,
 While nothing can their Thirst of Blood assuage;
 What need the Babe with so much Art be bred?
 What Care for such as are for Slaughter fed?
 If Discord madly they'll, when Men, pursue,
 And in each others Blood their Hands imbrue;
 If Victims to the Fury they must fall:
 The Nurse, the Mother may be spar'd in Gaul,
 But surely better Times for us remain;
 Nor is my Aug'ry false, nor Wishes vain,

The cruel Labours of the *Celts* shall cease,
And joyous Hours return with smiling Peace.
Great *Henry* comes, and just is my Presage,
To bring *Saturnian* Times, a Golden Age.
Heav'n to deliver us the Youth shall send,
And when his Reign begins, our Troubles end.
Proceed, my Muse, since you so far have gone,
And end as willingly as you begun.
Bless me! What various Plagues around me fly!
And what a World of Ills at once I spy!
Thus in the Wilds of *Africk's* burning Lands,
Where winding *Bagra* cleaves the barren Sands,
Where the *Numidian* Hunter dares to Rove,
And chace his Prey into the gloomy Grove,
A thousand dreadful Shapes at once invade
His frightened Eyes, and croud the dreadful Shade.
Here the fierce Lyon lifts his grisly Mane,
And by his hideous Roar asserts his Reign.

There

There the fell Tyger shews his grinding Teeth,
And the swift Leopard threatens sudden Death.
Serpents of diff'rent Kinds the Gloom infest,
And the huge Dragon spreads his flaming Crest.
Amaz'd the trembling Hunter stands, nor knows,
They swarm so fast, the Number of his Foes ;
Nor which to fall upon, nor which to fly,
But stupid is his Soul, and stunn'd his Eye.
So on my Mind Distempers croud so fast,
I know not which to Combat first or last.
My Soul is in suspense. And as the Bees
Irregularly rove to rob the Trees,
So with as little Order I shall treat
Of each Disease, which in my way I meet.
But not to keep you at the Porch too long,
We'll enter and pursue my useful Song.

When from the Belly you divide the String,
Bind it, and see the Bandage does not wring.

For if the Navel, newly cut, be bound
Too freight, the Child receives a painful Wound.
Pain makes it cough, and Coughing makes it strain,
And that enflames the Sore, and feeds the Pain.
To the griev'd Part the gathering Humours flow,
And Redness then its Grief and Swelling show.
To a sharp Flood the vital Fountain turns,
And angry grows the Sore, and raging burns.
Nature, to help the Part affected, guides
The Spirits thither, and the Crimson Tides.
While thus she strives this Evil to expel,
The Tumours with malignant Succour swell.
The Plenty of these Spirits hurts the Sore,
The more they flow, it rages still the more.
While in the Womb the captive Infant lay,
It threw the Humours off no other way.
Nature her ancient Path wou'd still pursue,
Nor seeks, accusom'd to the old, a new.

The Navel this extends with tumid Ills,
And the fore Pipe with glassy Water fills.
What great Misfortunes tender Babes endure
By this ! But from Misfortunes who's secure ?
When from the Belly the foul Bag depends,
And, as if burst, the weakned Body rends,
A Cure for this have learn'd Physicians found,
And *Celtick* Spikenard heels the dang'rous Wound.
Rosin of Turpentine, to Powder bruise'd,
And both in Oil of *Grecian* Nuts infus'd,
In the sweet Oil that's to the Taste so kind,
Anoint the Sore with this, a Cure you'll find.
But others rotten Rags consume to Dust
In stinking Flames, and to their Virtue trust.
And others Wolfsbane's bitter Seed infuse
In Wine, and for the wounded Navel use.

Nor should your Care about its Tongue be less,
'Tis with the Tongue you're blest, with that you bless.

What Gift more excellent, what greater Good
Has Heav'n on Man, his fav'rite Work, bestow'd?
Not only useful in his riper Years,
But when the Nurse the sucking Infant bears,
When from her Breasts the liquid Snow he draws,
And e'er the Teeth have hurt his breeding Jaws.
If any Letts impede it, and with-hold
Its Office, as a Tye or double Fold,
In vain he pulls the Breast, he sucks in vain,
The pleasing Nectar ne'er rewards his Pain.
Like *Tantalus* he lives, with greedy Eyes
He sees the Fruit, but from his Taste it flies.
He starves in Plenty, fasts where he might feast,
And languishes with Hunger at the Breast.
If thus it with the Infant's Tongue should prove,
In time take care the Mischief to remove.
Or let the Surgeon an Incision make,
To cut the Knot, or let the Midwife break

Or

Or he or she the neighb'ring Veins must shun,
 Which thro' the Tongue in narrow Channels run.
 The worst Disease that can a Child befall,
 We *Ranula* from a Barbarian call.
 For in its Figure 'tis exactly like
 A Frog, if off its leaping Limbs you strike.
 Beneath the Tongue a cank'ring Tumour grows,
 Which oft with burning, worse than Fev'rish, glows.
 If 'tis not to be cur'd, the Child must dye,
 And its Soul soon will from its Body fly.

Like this Disease is that which often comes
 In burning Knobs upon an Infant's Gums.
 Sometimes the fiery Ill enflames the Cheek,
 And sometimes with its Knobs it burns the Neck.
 Oft the whole Mouth its spreading Fires sustains,
 And Fevers follow, and tormenting Pains.

The Signs of that Distemper are the same,
 Which grievously the Infant's Jaws enflame,
 And from the Glands *Tonsillæ* is its Name.

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}

At the Tongue's Root these little Glands you find,
 Where with the Throat the moving Member's join'd.
 From Blood corrupted this Distemper grows,
 And to that Blood the Milk its Vices owes,
 Thence Choler rises, and the strutting Veins
 Of eating Salts are full, the Child of Pains.
 The Nurse must with her self begin the Cure,
 No Stream can, while the Spring's defil'd, be pure;
 Of the foul Milk the Sister Fountains cleanse,
 And, lest he suck the Poison, drive it thence.
 If with a Fever thou art burnt, deny
 The Babe the Breast, for thro' his Veins 'twill fly,
 In Food and Physick of thy Health take Care,
 Since as thou far'st thy self the Child will fare.
 Thy swelling Paps with wholesom Liquor fill,
 The wholesom Liquor to the Babe distil.
 When with thy Fever or his own he burns,
 With Acids feed him 'till his Health returns.

The

The Citron which adorns th' *Idalian* Wood,
The fragrant Lemon's Juice, to cool is good.
The Cane's sweet Sap, the Growth of *Indian* Soil,
With Water mix, and Vi'let's pleasant Oil,
Warm it, anoint him where the Heat appears,
And drop some warm into his aking Ears ;
His Cheeks, his Temples, and his Neck, anoint,
The burning Sinew, and the scorching Joint.
Nor less for this Disease may be prescrib'd
Fine Barley Flow'r, that has new Milk imbib'd,
Boil it together, and a Poultrice make,
Away the Redness and the Pain 'twill take.
But most you will the Child's Misfortune mourn,
When the Sores break, and thus to Ulcers turn.
When o'er the Mouth the rotting Cancers creep,
And wide they eat into the Jaws, and deep,
Unless in time you take the spreading Ill,
And in the Seed the growing Mischief kill.

A wheyie Milk may this Distemper cause,
When for sweet Food the Child sharp Humours draws.
Perhaps the Stomach first may breed this Vice,
And Vapours thence, which burn its Bones, may rise.
For this are many Cures ; so rich in Art
Is Man's Invention, when it acts its Part.
But mod'rate Diet is the certain'st Cure,
Nor will the Milk be less, and yet be pure.
V'lets in Honey dipt the Sores o'ercome,
And the rich Bark which sweats *Arabian* Gum :
Or *Antiochian* Myrrh, the Poison drives
From the sick Child, and after that it thrives.

What Infants suffer when they breed their Teeth,
What causes so much Pain, and often Death,
I'll tell ; for while to make their way they gnaw
With latent Teeth, and pierce the tender Jaw,
Sharp Humours enter e'er the Tooth appears,
And the soft Gums incessant grinding tears.

By

By grinding for the Bone they break their way,
But dearly for the Bone the Mouth must pay.
And how unfriendly are, in this, the Skies ?
That Man, what most he wants, most dearly buys.
For Teeth the Stomach serve, and Life maintain,
And none can have the Tooth, without the Pain.
The suff'ring Infant tells it by his Cries,
His driv'ling Mouth he with his Fingers plies,
He strives to help himself, but strives in vain,
The Nurse's Help must ease him of his Pain.
In a Hare's Brain his little Fingers dip,
Or what *Sicilian* Bees from Roses sip.
The raging Gum, the Sweets and Softness sooth,
And white amidst the Red appears the Tooth :
As the white Iv'ry in red Coral shines,
Which wrought with curious Art, the Workman joins.
But if the Pain encreases, wash his Head
With Milk and liquid Sweets of Roses made.

Warm

Warm be the Bath, and wrap his Infant Skull,
When well it has been wash'd, in downy Wool.
Yet all your Labour's lost, except you find
His Load discharges, and he's Lax behind,
His Body bound, with liquid Honey loose;
What Thing was ever found of greater Use?
Cou'd Heav'n a better Grant, and Earth produce?
This give him at his Mouth, or else convey
The Phyick by a Pipe the other way :
But if there wants of this Celestial Dew,
Then Bete or the Marshmalloe Root will do.
And when the Child at once is weak and loose,
White Poppy Seeds into the Purge infuse.
The Berries of the Myrtle Tree prepare,
Which hates the Cold, and is to *Venus* dear,
These with *Cyperus* steep in Milk, and make
A Drink, and wholsome Draughts the Child will take.

And

And if with racking Gripes his Belly's rent,
 The Gnawings in his Bowels to prevent,
 Warm Water, and the Parts aggriev'd foment;
 Or else anoint with Oil of Camomile
 His Belly, or with Oil of fragrant Dill,
 Or what old Olives o'er the Fire distill.
 For the kind Heat insinuates by degrees,
 And passes to th' afflicted Place with Ease;
 It drives the Cold out of the Porous Skin,
 And dissipates the Winds that rage within.
 The Causes and Effects of this Disease
 It cures, and gives the patient Infant Ease.
 With Worms what need the Muse defile her Strains,
 The Tokens are the same, the same the Pains.
 An odious Nest which in the Babe abides,
 And tears with greedy Bites his tender Sides:
 For when he surfeits at the Pap, the Food
 Lyes undigested in his Paunch, and crude.

In

In vain the feeble Child, to vent it, strains,
It rotting in the filthy Cells remains.
Now prudent Nature all her Arts employs,
And what she can't expell, she there destroys.
Of this she Worms creates, and these devour
Their Parent Matter, and the Bowels scour.
As the gay Butter-flie with painted Wings
Feeds on the Vernal Leaves from which he springs,
Thus Worms devour the Filth from which they sprung,
And seldom, 'till the Child is void, 'tis stung.
But then, impatient in their Cells, they stray,
And bite the Bowels, when they miss their Prey.
The Tokens which this foul Distemper tell,
Are many; strong the Infant's Breath will smell.
His Spirits flagging, he'll incline to Dose,
His trembling Eyes he'll often strive to close,
But seldom will he taste of kind Repose.

A husky Cough his lab'ring Lungs will shake,
His Nostrils itch, and he by Starts will wake.
Be thine the Care, thou faithful Nurse, to drive
The creeping Foe away, and clear the Hive.
Feed him with Bitters, and the Child they'll leave;
And Worm-feed, call'd so from the Vermin, give.
Let him the Grain in Pulp of Apple eat,
Or Pap, or otherwise his Palate cheat;
Or take Bull's Gall, and mix with Cummin-feed,
Which o'er his Belly in a Plaister spread.
For this the Worms will kill; and many more
Good Med'cines, much in Use in Days of Yore.

But why shou'd I endeavour to rehearse
All the sad Ills which Infants know, in Verse?
Where shou'd I end the Subject, when begun?
'Twou'd swell the Song, and I shou'd ne'er have done.
If me the Nine a hundred Tongues would grant,
Another hundred Tongues I still shou'd want.

Mankind

Mankind are with such various Ills oppress'd,
Which rack their Bowels, and which break their Rest.
Sick Vomits, Coughs, and ugly Dreams which fright
The Child, the restless Day, and wakeful Night;
From the same Source these many Evils flow,
And Infants all to milky Surfeits owe.

Their feeble Stomachs can't the Load digest,
Whence Vapours gather in the burthen'd Breast;
And upwards rise the Fumes, and airy Shades
Disturb the Mind, and Cold the Head invades;
It thickens there, and denser in the Brain,
As a Cloud denser out of Air and Rain.
In liquid Show'rs it melts again, and raw
With fluid Spittle, leaves the tender Jaw.
Rude Coughing it provokes, which tears the Breast,
Take Care then to restrain the gorging Feast;
Then presently the Pain and the Disease,
And the bad Seeds from whence they sprung, will cease.

Why

Why shou'd I name how the Posterior Pipe
Is apt the Bounds in weakly Babes to slip?
The Muscles, moisten'd when the Belly's loose,
Their nat'ral Duty to discharge, refuse;
And out the *Anus* hangs, a grievous Pain,
Nor is it easily got in again.
The Body bind, foment it when 'tis out,
And gently with thy Hand replace the Gut.

Nor wou'd I with the Scabs my Muse disgrace,
Nor Scurf that scale an Infant's Head and Face.
These nasty Scabs will o'er its Body run,
And sometimes when it sucks unite in one,
Yet long they will not on the Surface lye,
But sink, and of themselves peel off and die.
Besides, if on the Body they remain,
They purge it, and of Filth discharge the Brain.

The next Distemper, and of all most vile,
Will, with foul Sores, the Child's fair Skin defile.

The Fever rages, as the Pustles rise,
Which vex the Infant's Limbs, his Face and Eyes;
But tho' they are not to one Part confin'd,
They ravagemost the Face, and leave their Marks be-
Whether they swell and shine above the Skin, [hind.
Or whether, when oppress'd, they rage within;
The rising or the flatter Pustle burns,
'Till ripe, and then from Red to White it turns.
It changes quite from what it was before,
And a thick Crust o'erspreads the ripen'd Sore.
Physicians have distinguish'd, and they find
In Practice two Diseases of this kind.
'Twixt the Twin Ills, the Difference is but small;
Both *Exanthemata* the *Græcians* call.
From Blood impure this dire Disease proceeds,
Which in the Womb the sucking Infant breeds,
And from the vitious *Menstrua* drains the Seeds.

The Mother's Veins with filthy Streams defil'd,
The Poison there imbib'd, infects the Child.
The Relicks in his Blood, when born, remain,
And thus wou'd Nature drive th' Infection out again.
As when new Wines upon the Lee ferment,
And strive to burst the Casks wherein they're pent,
'Till off the Filth the flowing Vintage throws,
And fine the Liquor from the Vessel flows.
So the new Blood in Infant Channels heats,
And, while 'tis throwing off ill Humours, frets;
The Streams fermenting thro' the Veins diffus'd,
Enflame, and thus is this Disease produc'd.
Some, other Causes to this Ill, assign,
And give their Reasons for't, as these are mine:
But sure, whate'er's the Cause, the Danger's great;
Nor can a Child a worse Infection get.
Ah, how he rends his little Throat with Cries,
And looks upon his Nurse with begging Eyes?

For Help he begs, what Help has she to give ?
He'll neither Nipple now, nor Spoon receive.
See the fond Nurse beholds with blubber'd Eyes
The Babe, or o'er the cover'd Cradle sighs.
His Face a Red and White obscenely wears,
And his soft Skin with fluid Ulcers glares.
Those Lips to which so fast you stuck before,
You'll loath, and start to see the cruell Gore.
But do not waste your Time in fruitless Complaints,
The Child your Care, your speedy Succour wants.
Seek for a Remedy his Sores to kill,
And stop th' Effects of this contagious Ill.
Pure Water from the Neigh'bring Fountains draw,
And let him drink to cool his burning Maw.
One Draught alone will seldom quench his Heat,
The Fountain dip again, the Draught repeat.
When his gorg'd Stomach's with the Load oppress'd,
By Vomits let him ease and cleanse his Breast.

Sweet

Sweet things you must not, when you feed him, use,
Nor Fruits corrupted with immoderate Juice.

A Drink of *Syrian* Dew, or *Cassia* make;
The Nurse the Potion for the Babe may take,
And purge her Body for the Nursling's sake;
'Twill cleanse her Milk; and when that Stream is pure,
It much facilitates her Patient's Cure.

But if your Care to quench his Fever fails,
If inward the resistless Fire prevails,

If all your Opposition proves in vain,

And you despair the Combat to maintain,

Call the Physician to your Aid; advise

With him, and do not think your self too wise;

Do not to ev'ry idle Tale attend,

Nor on old Womens Recipe's depend.

Too much the Learn'd into this Error give,

Are thus deceiv'd themselves, and thus deceive.

None can of this in this Distemper doubt,
The Poison that's within must all come out;
And those who drive it out a kindly way,
Their Judgment most in this Disease display.
Help what you can the Patient to perspire,
To swell the Pustles, and expell the Fire;
For want of this——Ah, I remember well
My much Lord *Charles*, and dear *Diana* fell:
On him four Springs, and three on her had shed
Their Vernal Bloom; but both e'er next were dead.
Of her, of him, my Hopes at once were crost,
At once my House a double Honour lost.
Preserve the rest, ye Pow'rs, if you regard
My pious Vows, and own the sacred Bard.
The Rest preserve; from this Distemper save
The Pledges to the Marriage-Bed you gave;
But least at any time this fell Disease,
So fatal, on their feeble Limbs shou'd cease,

If

If Age and Strength will bear it, and you think
The Poison does not inward tend to sink,
Then with the Lancet prick the leaping Veins,
And part the Plague which o'er the Body reigns.
If Nature can't the rest throw out; the Fields
To help her, Simples, and the Garden yields.
But above all's thy Virtue and thy Fame,
Oh Herb! that from the Elm deriv'st thy Name;
Thou that to ancient Ages wast unknown,
That art the Grace and Glory of our own.
For with a wondrous Faculty thou'rt blest,
To ease the Load when Nature is oppress'd;
Thou driv'st the foul Contagion from the Blood,
And thro' the airy Pores emit'st the vitious Flood:
But mind, as here and there the Pustles spread,
Least they the Nose, or Eyes, or Throat invade.
And if it shou'd the Lungs or Bowels seize,
Great is its Pow'r, and fatal this Disease.

It threatens Death, or when severely kind,
It lets the Patient live, condemns it to be blind.
Water the swelling Orbs with Dew, which flows
By Chymick Secrets from the bleeding Rose :
Or with pure Milk which by the Nurse is prest,
With a light Finger from her snowy Breast,
Cicilian Saffron to its Face apply,
And give its tumid Eyes the fragrant Die.
Nor is that Liquor with less Profit us'd,
Which by the *Punick* Orange squeez'd's, produc'd.
This Juice the Palate and the Eyes defends,
And that of ruddy Grapes the Throats befriends;
Sharp Vinegar with acid Fumes delights
The Nose, and back departing Life invites ;
And those who with the Seed, a Friend to Sleep,
Barbarian Dragon Thime's together steep,
Refresh the Lungs, and by the frequent Dose,
Those heaving Bellows, when disturb'd, compose.

Lentils

Lentils sweet Oil decocted, who provides,
Drives the Distemper from the Infant's Sides.
When out the Poison's come which rag'd within,
And high the Pustles rise above the Skin,
V'lets, the Spring's first beauteous Product, boil
With Bran, and add to these green Camomil.
Wash its whole Body, bath its Limbs obscene,
The Danger's past, and you the worst have seen,
Oh Child forbear to weep, and thou forbear,
Oh tender Mother, or to weep or fear.
Long the Disease shall not the Infant grieve,
But Faintness, his recover'd Members, leave.
Dost thou not see the ripen'd Ulcers run,
Eject the Poison, and 'twill soon be gone :
But if thou findest it does not flow enough,
The Crust too thick, and with the Thickness tough,
Then with the golden Needle prick the Sore,
And thro' the Hole convey the hidden Gore,
A
'Till

'Till the void Matter makes its Ulcers dry,
And then to these another Bath apply.
Take Oil that from the verdant Myrtle flows,
What from Ceruse, and from the purple Rose.
By this they'll off the Body peel, and spread
With horrid Scales the mending Infant's Bed.
Thus from the yellow Trees the wither'd Leaves
Drop, when the Year for coming Winter grieves.
When the Sap's wasted, and the blasting Air
Beats on the Boughs, and leaves the Forest bare.

Now (for in this you must not spare your Pains)
Mind when they Scale, that there no Scar remains.
The Juice of Lillies, or the flowry Bean,
Or the flow Willow, or the Salvage Cane,
Provide, and boil it in the turgid Glafs,
'Twill keep the Body sleek, and smooth the Face.
The Sweat that from a Goat or Cattle's Hoof.
Distils, is good—Experience is the Proof.

A Bull's hot Blood, and fearful Hare's, are both
Of healing Virtue, and the Skin will smooth.
Chuse your own Remedy, you're not confin'd,
A thousand are to injur'd Beauty kind.

Of Beauty, such the Love and such the Care,
Both it deserves; for who would not be Fair?

What Wretches, if of Rocks they were not born,
The Care of so divine a Grace would scorn?

Is it not yet allow'd the Muse to breath?

The Sicknefs she must paint so like to Death.

Thee next—Thy Cause and Symptoms I'll rehearse,
Oh terrible Disease! in lofty Verse.

Thee, *Rome's* assembled People gave a Name,
To Children cruel, and to Men the same,

From those the *Grecians* call'd thee, tho' thy Rage
Exerts it self, at times, to ev'ry Age:

Yet most on Infants thou delight'st to prey,
And torture 'em when first they see the Day.

Distorted

Distorted are their Nerves, their Eye-balls rowl,
Stiff are their Joints, and stupid is their Soul.
The Child is in the Fit, he breathless lyes,
And Death or Sleep has lock'd his heavy Eyes.
Life only by his foaming Lips is known,
And by his outward Start, and inward Groan.
Sudden's the force of this Disease, and short ;
Nor long will it his little Nerves distort.
Life comes and goes—the Motion's sharp and quick,
He's well to Day, who Yesterday was sick.
I wonder what should this Distemper breed ;
Does it from Floods of slimy Phlegm proceed ?
Which rising to the Brain, a filthy Fog
Molest the Spirits, and their Passage clog.
To force their Way, the struggling Spirits strive,
And lab'ring from the Brain the Filth to drive,
The Nerves are stretch'd: Does hidden Cold prevail?
And mount up to the Head, a pois'nous Gale.

This

This with its utmost force the Brain resists,
For nothing hurts it like such chilling Mists.
So subtle is its Substance, and so fine,
'Tis pierc'd by thick as easily as thin.
Who can the Mischiefs of these Vapours tell?
What Heroes felt, or by their Poison fell?
Thus, he, the Founder of Imperial *Rome*,
And sprung from *Venus*, felt the fatal Fume.
This, he, the false *Arabian* knew, a Cheat,
Who won the World, and triumph'd by Deceit,
Whom *Asia* still, and burning *Africk* own.
This next, of old, *Alcmena's* mighty Son.
The Terror of the Forest, he, who tam'd
The Savage Herd, and Savage Men reclaim'd:
While human Earth with human Feet he trod,
Before on *Oeta* he commenc'd a God,
His Fame encreas'd with conquer'd *Cleon's* Blood,
And the rich Spoils of the *Nemean* Wood.

Where

Where *Corinth* crowded by her double Seas,
 Erects her Head——The God had this Disease,
 And down it fell'd him to the trembling Ground;
 The neighb'ring Woods his Fall, the neighb'ring
 [Shores resound.
 And mimick Eccho makes a loud Rebound.
 The lofty Pine, which long on *Ida* stood,
 Or rose the Glory of the *Pelion* Wood,
 When to the Ax he yields to form the Walls
 Of ventrous Ships, with such a sound he falls.
 In Groans the subject Groves his Fortune mourn,
 And Rocks, and Caves, and Vales, their Groans return.
 Him the fair Nymph, the fairest of her kind,
 Sees thus, and sees him with a pitying Mind,
 When seeking on the Summet of the Hills
 For Phylick Herbs, her beauteous Hands she fills.
 Him she surveys, his manly Look admires,
 And wish'd her Pow'r was equal to her Sire's.

The

The Sun her Father——The Distemper well
She knew by Signs, and why the Hero fell.
To her *Apollo* did the Cure impart,
And none was mightier in the healing Art.
To help him, she with more than Pity flies,
And all her Art, and all her Simples tries.
First, from his Mouth, she with a Linnen Cloth,
Pleas'd with the Labour, wip'd the flowing Froth;
She rais'd his Head, and open'd, with a Stick,
His Lips, and 'nointed his declining Neck.
His Hands she rub'd, and ev'ry Part aggriev'd,
And his numb'd Limbs with *Grecian* Oil reliev'd.
To his wide Nostrils then she Rue apply'd,
And stronger Fumes to fetch his Spirits, try'd.
Thus she expell'd the Vapours from his Brain,
And brought him to his Life and Sense again.
Wondring, he on his fair Physician gaz'd,
Nor less was he delighted than amaz'd.

And

And first he thus their mutual Silence broke,
Look'd kindly on the gentle Maid, and spoke ;
Which of the Gods did me so much befriend,
Thee, lovely Nymph, to ease my Pains to send ?
Whoe'er thou art, that God reward thy Care,
And may'st thou be as happy as thou'rt fair.
If I from *Jupiter* derive my Race,
And with the Stars am doom'd to have a Place ;
Nor vain are the Presages in my Mind,
Me, grateful for this Goodness shalt thou find.
But tell me, lest again this dire Disease,
In some high Enterprize, my Limbs should seize,
How from this Plague I may my Body free;
Say, for the Secret is reveal'd to thee.
Thus by my Health thou shalt acquire a Fame
As wide as is the World, and deathless be thy Name.
With thee, O Nymph, I ever could remain,
And haunt these Hills, and yonder humble Plain,

With

With Thee, nor shou'd I wrong my Race divine,
I ever in the strictest League cou'd join.

But to new Labours I am call'd by Fate,
And a curst Step-mother's continu'd Hate.

He said, and on the Maid he cast a Look,
Which more than all that he cou'd tell her, spoke.

To him the Fair. Oh *Hercules*! For, Thee,
Thy Club, thy Lion's Skin confest to me;

With Pleasure by my Art I Help afford
To him, who helps the Injur'd with his Sword.

Hear then, and may the Gods my Lessons bless,
And give the Physick Herbs, and Thee, Success.

To me, my Father *Phæbus* gave this Ill
To cure, the Blessing his, and his the Skill.

And who, of all th' Immortal Gods, can tell
The Means of Life, or conquer Death so well?

First then, as this Disease by Cold is bred,
By Heat expell it from the Heart and Head.

S

Cold

Cold Things and moist avoid, and chuse that Food
Which cheers the Spirits most, and warms the Blood;
But do not visit oft the drunken God,
For none, unpunish'd, take too large a Load:
On Wheels forbear, and rapid Whirls to look,
On rowling Rivers, or a trembling Brook:
Nor sleep upon the Ground; a foggy Sky,
And Scents ungrateful, to the Nostrils flie.
Drive from your Soul whate'er provokes the Spleen,
Divert your Mind, and keep your Body clean.
Use Physick when 'tis fit, that Herb is good,
Which graces with its Greens the Winter Wood;
Its Name is *Mistletoe*; that curls and twines
About the Monarch Oak, as Ivy clasps the Vines;
With equal Profit you may take and join
Sweet Cinnamon with this, or mix with Wine;
What thy full Mouth commodiously contains
Drink often, and prevent the threaten'd Pains.

A Stag's burnt Horns and human Skull reduce
 To Ashes, and in grateful Sweets infuse,
 To mollifie the bitter——Fill thy Spoon,
 And duly take it fasting for a Moon.

This Dose the Seeds of this Distemper kills,
 And the whole Frame with Health and Vigour fills;
 Thus Health shall still thy kind Companion be;
 If this deserves Remembrance, think of me.

She said, and from the Hero nimbly flies,
 And far he follows her with greedy Eyes.

Struck with her Beauty and her wondrous Art,
 She left another Poison in his Heart.

Oh Love! how fatal is thy frantick Rage?

And who with Glory can with thee engage?

He who the Monsters of the Wood cou'd tame,

Thy Pow'r resisted, and suppress thy Flame:

How happy? Ah, too happy had he been,

If *Iôle*, he thus resolv'd, had seen.

If thus he had expell'd her pois'nous Charms,
Nor sigh'd and sunk in her bewitching Arms.
Yet ne'er did he his pious Love forget,
But when among the Gods he took his Seat,
And saw the Virgin's latest Hour was nigh,
(For nothing's hid from an Immortal Eye)
Her Cure he call'd into his Godlike Mind,
How useful she to him had been, how kind.
He, far from grateful, cou'd not think it just
To let her lovely Limbs consume to Dust,
And rot in Earth, as other Mortals must.
A better Fate was hers——The beauteous Maid
Ne'er felt the Frost of Death, nor past the Shade:
He chang'd her to an Herb——And none we see,
Among the fairest Herbs, so fair as she,
Who since has born the Name of *Pæony*:
None in the whole Botanick World we meet
To Health so wholesome, and to Sight so sweet.

Fresh

Fresh in his Memory her Friendship stood,
 The Herb he with her healing Gift endow'd.
 'Tis her's to War with this Distemper still,
 And that is Virtue now which then was Skill.
 This further Monument of Grace she bears,
 Whoever from his Neck her Root depending wears,
 Defended from this Plague, or cur'd shall be,
 And *Phæbus* crown'd it by his firm Decree.
 In this her wondrous Pow'r enough is known,
 Enough by Practice and Experience shewn.

Thus, nor am I forbid, the Fable sings,
 And mixes pleasant with her serious Things.
 Fiction's the Muses, they delight to feign,
 And o'er the boundless Realms of Fancy reign.

Such was my Song among *Poitavian* Flocks,
 And stony Mountains cloath'd with Groves of Box.
 The Silence and the Shade inspir'd the Muse,
 For Shade and Silence sacred Song produce.

Where

Where thro' the painted Meads the *Clanús* glides,
And cuts the crooked Shore with crystal Tides;
When *Henry*, of old *Hector's* Race, was King,
Thus Father *Phæbus* taught the Bard to sing.
Henry, the Hope of Man, of Gods the Care,
Who ended with his Nod Domestick War.
Who to the *Celts* Dominion join'd the Poles,
And blest'd with welcome Ease our weary'd Souls.
When every adverse Mind his Will obey'd,
What Joy and gen'ral Vows for Peace were paid?
High Heav'n the Monarch for an Heir invok'd,
And with sweet Myrrh the loaded Altars smoak'd.
Her Pray'rs with his the Royal Confort join'd,
The same their Int'rest, and the same their Mind.
From Temple daily they to Temple went,
No Weather cou'd their March, nor Dirt, prevent.
Such was their Love of Issue, such their Zeal,
Less for themselves than for the publick Weal.

Hear,

Hear, hear, ye heav'nly Pow'rs, the suppliant Pair,
If pious Kings be Providence's Care,
Reward their Piety, and bleſs their Pray'r.

Strengthen their Houſe, enrich their Nuptial Bed,
And round 'em let their branching Off-ſpring ſpread.
Oh that *Lachæſis* wou'd ſo long delay
My fatal Hour, that I may ſee the Day

When to that Stock, which has for Ages worn
The *Celtick* Crown, an Infant ſhall be born,
An Infant of the Sex the *Salians* wou'd not ſcorn.
When the glad News ſhall thro' this Empire fly,
And artful Stars ſhall make a mimick Sky,
And flaming Piles an abſent Sun ſupply.

When all our preſent Doubts and Fears ſhall ceaſe,
And certain be our Hope, and ſure our Peace.
Long may the Nations, whoſe extended Bounds
The lofty *Pyrenean* here ſurrounds,

There

There the high *Alpine*, mighty Ocean here,
 And the loud *Rhine*'s impetuous Torrent there;
 Long may they that victorious Name obey,
 Which has long blest'd 'em with such happy Sway.

Nor will it e'er repent me, that I strive
 Thus into Nature's hidden Ways to dive;
 My Studies and my Toils 'twill well reward,
 Shou'd e'er the Royal Nurse my Song regard.
 If, not the Vulgar only and the Mean
 Will hear the Muse; but she should teach a Queen
 If my plain Precepts should so far succeed,
 As by Imperial Cradles to be read.

F I N I S.
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